

School of Theology at Claremont



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**CHILDREN'S
STORY-
SERMONS**

HUGH T. KERR



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Children's Story-Sermons

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Children's Story-Sermons

By
HUGH T. KERR

*Pastor of The Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian
Church, Chicago*



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To
My two Chums
ANNA and THOMSON

Foreword

THE Story-Sermons contained in this book have all been told from the pulpit of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago, to the children who unfailingly attend the Sunday morning service. They are published at the earnest request and urgent solicitation of the children and the children's friends.

The greatest work in the world is the interpretation of God to the soul of the child. The new emphasis which child culture is receiving calls for increasing effort on the part of the pastor, to care for the children of his church. The Sunday-school is insufficient. The atmosphere of the church service is essential for the true religious development of the child. The pastor, the teacher, and the parent must be workers together with God.

If any apology were needed for the publication of another volume of children's story-sermons, it can be found in the now familiar words of Dr. Stanley Hall, "Of all the things that a teacher should know how to do, the most important, without any exception, is to know how to tell a story"

All that the present collection of Story-Sermons claims to do is to bear testimony to the fruitfulness of a method that has been tested and tried. Little that is original will be found here, but much that is familiar will be met with, and there is some satisfaction in knowing that while many dry-as-dust and discursive sermons have been forgotten, many of these innocent looking sermons have been remembered and have borne fruit that is worth while. After all, the Story-Sermon is the Master's method, for "the kingdom of heaven is like unto ——"

I wish to express my indebtedness to my friend Prof. Thomas C. Blaisdell, Ph. D., of the Michigan Agricultural College for his many helpful suggestions.

H. T. K.

Chicago, Ill.

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Children's Story-Sermons

I

The Story of Eager-Heart (*A Christmas Story*)

AWAY back in the olden days before they had cheap shows and theatres with their bright lights and doubtful pictures, where for a penny or two an hour's oftentimes questionable entertainment may be had, the plain people who loved to see shows and act plays and at the same time arrange for entertainments that would help boys and girls and men and women to be better than they were, used to make up what they called miracle plays and mystery plays. The difference between a miracle play and a mystery play was this, that a miracle play always had to do with some saint whom the people liked to remember, while the mystery play was always about the Lord Jesus Himself. One of the greatest of the mystery plays is what is called the Passion Play, pictures of which doubtless you have all seen.

One of these mystery plays was about

Eager-Heart, and it is about Eager-Heart that I want to tell you. Don't you think that is a pretty name? Do you think it was the name of a man or a woman, or a boy or a girl, or a horse or a dog or—well, what? Shall I tell you? Eager-Heart was the name of a beautiful woman. She had a little home far away in Germany. Just a little cottage home in a little village, but a sweet and happy home nevertheless. Well, it happened that the people of that village all expected the Great King to pass through their town on a certain night and every one was on the lookout for Him. When the wonderful night came Eager-Heart had her little home ready as if expecting the King for her guest. The lamp was lighted and the food was ready, and the bed was all prepared with beautiful, white, clean linen. While she was waiting some one came to the door and her heart beat fast, for she thought that perhaps the King had arrived and that He had come to her humble home. She opened the door quickly, but was so disappointed, for there at the door stood a poor, tired, cold woodman with his wife and his little shivering boy. They asked to be taken in and kept over the night. But Eager-Heart said, "Oh, not to-night, not to-night. I am expecting a friend, a dear friend,

to-night; come to-morrow night and next night, and next night too, but not to-night." Then the woodman, with a look of disappointment, said, "That is what they all say. No one will let us stay to-night. Every one is expecting a guest to-night, and there is no place for us." Eager-Heart was about to turn away, when she saw the face of the little child lifted to hers. It was the most beautiful face she had ever seen, and the next moment the three weary travellers were in her quiet, warm home and the little child was lying in the bed that had been made for the King.

Then Eager-Heart, having made them comfortable, went out into the streets. She was so disappointed. She had had a dream that the King might perhaps be her guest that night, and now it could never, never be. But if she could not have the King in her own home she would go out to meet Him, and so, with her lamp in her hand, she went out into the streets and there she met the shepherds and the wise men searching for the King, and the Christmas star was leading them through the streets and a crowd of people were anxiously following. So Eager-Heart followed with the gathering crowd, and the star led them from street to street and from house to house until at last it led them

back to the door of Eager-Heart's own home. "Not here, not here," said Eager-Heart; "it cannot be here; this is my own little humble home." But the wise men and the shepherds said that it must be that the King was in that home for the star stood low above the cottage, and so Eager-Heart opened the door and what a sight that was which she saw! The little home was all ablaze with light, for there in her own home was the Holy Family and on the snow-white bed was the infant King. She fell at His feet and worshipped and wondered. How surprised she was, and how glad she was, that she had opened her home to the poor, tired, weary travellers. I feel quite sure that you all understand the story and know what it means.

I am half afraid to try to tell you what it means. But I will say this: Jesus often comes to us without telling us who He is. He wants to know if we are kind and sweet and loving to others, to the poor and to the old and to little children, and He tells us that when we are kind to others it is just the same as if we were kind to Him. Sometimes, too, when we have beautiful thoughts and see beautiful sights and hear beautiful things so that they make us wish to be beautiful in our own lives, I think it is Jesus

who has come into our hearts. What a mistake it would be for us not to know Him and not let Him in. Let us all be like Eager-Heart and let Him in.

The foxes found rest
 And the birds their nest,
 In the shade of the forest tree
 But Thy couch was the sod,
 O Thou Son of God,
 In the deserts of Galilee ;
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

II

A Boy Who Was a Hero

NOT all the heroes are in story-books. No, indeed. Some of them are living quite close to us, but we would hardly guess that they are heroes, because a real hero never tells about the splendid things he does. A real hero, you know, always keeps his heroism to himself. You can always be sure when a boy tells you about the great brave things he has done that he is a bully and not a hero. A hero never talks about himself.

Here is a real hero story. It is about a boy who ran an elevator in an old shaky, shakely office building, in Philadelphia. The people who knew him called him Billy. He was a lean, freckle-faced boy, with red hair, and nobody guessed that Billy was a hero. But he was, as this story will show. One day the old building began to tremble and shake, and then one of the walls fell out and the crowd gathered in the street and looked up at the windows of the building where the

men and women and little children were, and wondered what would become of them. But Billy never waited to wonder, but ran his old elevator up to the topmost story and came back with it crowded with frightened women and little children. He did that a second time, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth. Up and down he went for nine times until only one side of the building was standing and the shaft of the elevator was bare and was swaying to and fro like a tree in the wind. The policemen tried to drag the boy away from his post, and the great crowd cried for him to stop, but he pulled the chain and began to rise again to the upper floor. "There's two men up there yet," said Billy, and away he went to the top, facing death every minute, but never waiting to guess what the end might be. Then through the cloud of dust the old elevator was seen coming down and in it there were three people. As it touched the ground, the other wall fell out, but the two men and Billy came out into the street unhurt. You should have heard the people cheer! They knew then that Billy, with his red hair and his freckled face, was a hero, and they wanted to catch him and carry him on their shoulders and make him say a speech and take up a

collection for him, but Billy could not be found anywhere. He had slipped off unnoticed through the crowd, for it was supper time, and he had gone home to his mother.

This story does not need any sermon. If it did, all that the sermon could say would be: "Do things, don't talk about them. Do brave, kind, heroic, beautiful things, not because people see you, but because you are a hero at heart and because there are brave, kind, heroic, beautiful things to be done, and because God sees you."

III

God Wants Our Best

WHAT would you think of a boy who kept an apple until it was rotten before he tried to eat it? What would you think of a girl who kept a rose until it wilted and faded before she tried to wear it? What would you think of a man who bought an automobile and never used it until it rusted? What would you think of boys and girls who waited until they were men and women before giving their hearts to the Lord Jesus? This is a story of a girl who did just that very thing. She thought she was not old enough, and she wished to have what she called a good time before she became a Christian. That was very foolish, as I will try to show you.

The girl's name was Margaret, and she lived in the great city of St. Louis, where she had many friends and many places to go. One day her mother, whom she loved dearly, became ill,—very ill—and they had to call a nurse. The nurse was a very beautiful young lady and a lovely Christian, and she

soon became much interested in Miss Margaret and her winning ways, and wondered why she had never given herself to the Lord Jesus. So she made up her mind that some day before she left she would talk to her about it. After her mother was much better, a friend sent in a bouquet of beautiful white carnations, and the nurse, who had been waiting for the best chance to speak to her little friend, said to her : "I think we will not take these flowers to your mother just now. They are so fresh and sweet and beautiful. Let us keep them here for a few days, and then we can take them to her room." Margaret's eyes opened wide and she looked at the nurse to see what she really meant.

The nurse was getting the vase and the water for the flowers, and Margaret became very angry and indignant and told the nurse that she should do no such thing, but should take the beautiful flowers to her darling mother immediately. Without saying any more about the flowers and with the sweetest of smiles, the nurse put her arm around Margaret and said : "Yes, I think too that mother ought to have the flowers when they are sweetest and freshest, and we will take them to her soon ; but don't you think also that God ought to have your life when it is

at its best? And yet you are keeping your beautiful young life from Him and waiting until you are older, and then you think you will be willing to give Him some of the days that are not your very best."

Do you think that was a good sermon? I know it was, but it didn't sound one little bit like a sermon, and I am not surprised in the least that Margaret immediately saw what the nurse meant and that very day gave her heart to Jesus. We are never too young to love Him, and boys and girls should learn to love Jesus just as sweetly and just as surely and just as early as they learn to love their own fathers and mothers in their own homes.

IV

A Boy Who Was a Minister

THIS is a missionary story. I have often read it, and I know it is true. It happened in a little village, in an out-of-the-way corner of India, where a missionary had gone to baptize sixty or seventy men and women and to form them into a Christian church.

When the service began the missionary noticed a boy about twelve years of age, sitting away back in the corner of the building, looking very much interested and listening with all his might. After he had baptized and received into the church all the grown-up men and women who had professed their faith in the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, he was surprised to see this boy come forward and stand in front of the pulpit. The missionary said to him, "What, my lad, do you want to unite with the church and sit down to the Lord's Supper?" The boy said, "Yes, sir." The missionary looked at him lovingly, and said, "But you are very young, and I know nothing about you, and no one

has taught you about the Christian faith, and after a while you may grow careless and indifferent. Perhaps it will be better for you to wait. I will be here again in less than a year, and if during that time you will study hard and prepare yourself, then, if you wish to unite with the church, I will receive you gladly." The boy said nothing, but turned away to his seat with a very sad heart, and the missionary saw that he was very, very much disappointed. Before the little fellow reached his seat, the missionary saw all the people standing up and they all began to talk at once. After a little they allowed one man to speak for the rest, and he said: "Why, sir, this boy has taught us all we know about Jesus." And what he said proved to be the truth. That boy had learned the story of the Gospel at a mission school in a distant village, and had returned to his heathen home to tell the story of Jesus to his own people and to his friends. He read to them out of the New Testament until they too gave their hearts to God and were led to Jesus. So you see this little lad was really the minister of the village.

Of course, I do not think that boys should preach like grown-up men, but I am sure if they love Jesus and live as He would like to

have them live, kind and obedient and true, that they will be able to do more for Him than they could do, even if they were able to preach great, long, eloquent sermons. You know the Bible says, "A little child shall lead them." I want you to remember this verse for the text. I have known fathers and mothers with whom ministers and Sunday-school teachers and elders and deacons seemed to have no influence, who were led to Jesus by their own little boy or girl. We sing sometimes, "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam," and I think a sunbeam is the most beautiful and most useful thing in all the world.

V

A Man Who Forgot His Own Name

THE other day the newspapers were full of the strangest story I think I ever heard. It was the story of a man who forgot his own name, and forgot his friends and his home and his loved ones and wandered away farther and farther, day after day, and didn't know that he was lost and didn't know where he was going. He was not a poor, good-for-nothing man either, but was a man whom everybody in the city knew—a lawyer and a judge. He wandered far away into the country, living on little or nothing, begging for work, refusing to sit at the table with other people, and satisfied to eat just like a common, ordinary tramp. At last he found work, very humble work, and was satisfied.

All this time his wife and friends were worrying about him and thought he must be dead. But he had one friend who refused to think he was dead, and who searched for him day and night. At last he discovered traces of him, and one morning visited the factory

where the lost man was sitting at a table making pearl buttons out of clam shells. Without waiting a moment, he went up to him and called him by his right name, and immediately the lost man recognized his friend, and knew where he was and remembered about his home. You can imagine how strange he felt, and how quickly he went with his friend, and how glad he was to get back to his own home and to his dear family.

Somewhere in the Bible I have read a story something like this newspaper story. It is about a young man who left home one day, and never said where he was going, or what he was going to do, or when he would come back. He was rich and had beautiful clothes and many friends, but his money was soon spent and his good clothes soon became ragged, and the only work he could find was with a stranger who sent him out into the fields to feed the pigs. One day when he was in the field all alone, hungry and thirsty, he thought he heard some one call his name. He looked up and down and behind him and all around, but could see no one. He was sure he heard some one call his name, and the story says, "He came to himself," just like the man who was making the pearl buttons. Then he knew where he was, and

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without waiting to say good-bye he hurried home, and sure enough, his father was standing at the gate waiting and watching for him.

You remember it was Jesus who told that story, and He told it to us so that we would understand that when we forget God and run away from Him we forget our own true name and run away from our best Friend.

VI

What Bradley Owed

HIS name was Bradley. They called him Tiddley, because when he was young he was so little and tiny. He was only about eight years old, with light hair and blue eyes and a sunny smile, but he had gotten into a bad habit of counting everything as worth so much money. Now, that is the worst possible thing for a little boy, for there are lots of things that money cannot buy. Money can't buy the very best things, as this story will show you.

One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast, he put on his mother's plate a little piece of paper neatly folded. His mother opened it, and what do you think was on it? She could hardly believe it, but this is what Bradley had written there :

Mother owes Bradley :

For running errands . . .	25	cents
For being good	10	"
For taking music lessons .	15	"
Extras	5	"
Total	55	"

His mother smiled, but did not say anything and when lunch time came she placed the bill on Bradley's plate with fifty-five cents. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money and thought his business ability had been quickly rewarded, but with the money there was another little bill, which read like this:

Bradley owes mother :

For being good to him . . .	Nothing
For nursing him through his long illness with scarlet fever	Nothing
For clothes and shoes and gloves and playthings . .	Nothing
For all his meals and his beautiful room	Nothing

Total that Bradley
owes mother Nothing

Now, what do you think that boy did after he read those words? Do you think he put the fifty-five cents in his pocket and went off whistling? I am sure you know better than that. The tears came into Bradley's eyes, and he put his arms around his dear mother's neck and put his little hand with the fifty-five cents in hers, and said, "Take the money all back, mamma, and let me love you and do things for nothing." Now this is a story and it has no text and there is no sermon, but I think you know what it means.

VII

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep

I READ a story the other day in the newspapers about a little boy and his father, and I want to tell it to you. I think it is a very interesting story and perhaps some of the fathers of some of the children might also like to hear it. This boy lived down in Ohio, near Columbus. He was about eight years old. His name was Edward, and he was a great chum of his father. His father was a travelling man and went into the city very often. He promised his little chum that some day he would take him along.

So one day they started off together, the father carrying his big heavy grip, and the boy carrying a little toy grip just to make believe that he too was travelling with his father in the business. They went to the big city, and when the hour came for the boy to go to bed his father took him up to the room and tucked him in. He answered all the boy's questions about the room and the pictures, and the lights and the bed and the bell—especially about the bell. Then his

father kissed him good-night and went down-stairs to finish the business that he had to do. He had scarcely reached the main hall when he heard the office boys running hither and thither and the bells ringing as if every person in the hotel had gone mad. Of course the father knew it was his boy that was ringing and started for the room, but before he got there one of the bell-boys had reached the door and there was the little chap standing on the floor in his night-dress. His father heard him saying to the bell-boy, "Man, send some one to me, to whom I can say my prayers, and be quick about it, for I want to go to sleep." You see the father had not been used to putting the little lad to bed. His mother would not have forgotten, I am quite sure of that, and the boy didn't forget. It didn't matter to him that he was in a great hotel and in a great strange city. He had been taught to say his prayers, and you don't wonder that when the story was printed in all the papers the people liked to read it and the boy's father was not a bit ashamed of his little chum's courage.

Boys who pray with their fathers always make good boys. If your father is your chum (and I hope he is), and you tell him

all your secrets, as I hope you do, I know that he and you must often pray together. The boy and the father who do not pray together will soon cease to be chums. I think the very first time I saw my father's face—at least, the first time I can remember seeing it—was one day when I was just a little lad three or four years old when he prayed with me because I had done something wrong. Here is a little prayer for you : we will call it

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father which art in heaven ;
Hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
In earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread :
And forgive us our debts,
As we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil :

For thine is the kingdom,
And the power,
And the glory,
For ever.
Amen.

VIII

The Boy Who Made Soap

SAMUEL was his name. Before I get through I'll tell you his other name, and when I tell it to you I think you will know it, for every one in the east and west and the north and the south I feel sure knows it.

At the time my story begins, he was sixteen years old. He was leaving home to find work. In his hand he carried a bundle which contained everything that he owned. He had not gone far until he met an old friend, who, when he found out where the boy was going, said: "Be sure you start right, lad, and you will get along fine." Samuel told him that the only thing he could do was to make soap and to make candles. He had learned that at home. "Well," said the old canal boat captain, "let me pray with you before you go, and then I'll give you a little advice." And so they knelt down there in the open air, and the old man prayed for the boy and asked God to take good care of him and guide him in the great city. When they sat

down together again, the old man said to the boy: "Some one will soon be the leading soap maker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may. Be a good boy, give your heart to Christ, give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn, make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I'm certain that you will be a rich man."

He left the man and went to the great city, where he found it hard to get work. Remembering the words of his friend, he united with the church and the first dollar he earned he gave ten cents of it to the Lord. After a while he secured regular work, and in time became a partner and then the owner of the business. He still followed the old captain's advice, and while his business grew and he prospered, he gave a tenth of all his income to the Lord. Then he gave two-tenths, and still he prospered more than before. Then three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths, and after he had educated his family and settled his life's plans, he gave all his income away. His business grew, and I suppose is still growing in the hands of others, but before he died he had given millions of dollars to the Lord. His name was Colgate—Samuel Colgate—and whenever you read that name on soaps and per-

fumes and toilet articles, you will perhaps remember this story about the boy who gave his heart to Jesus, and who tried to live as God wanted him to live.

Now here is the sermon :

First, give yourself to God.

Second, give God all that belongs to Him.

Third, give other people all that belongs to them.

Fourth, make all the money you can, save all you can, and give away all you can.

IX

Michael Angelo and the Child

A LONG while ago in that beautiful city of flowers which we call Florence, there lived a great artist whose name was Michael Angelo. He was known all over the world because of his wonderful skill in drawing and painting and carving. It was he who drew the plans for St. Peter's in Rome, the greatest church in the world. He was a painter and a sculptor, and an architect and a poet, and a great, good man.

The Pope had pleaded with him to do some work for him, and kings and emperors had offered him great sums of money for a single work of art. One day a little child waited in one of the streets of Florence to meet Michael Angelo, who went that way from his home to his study. The little child had in his hands a large sheet of white paper, for he expected to ask the artist to draw him a picture. His playmates laughed at him, and thought he was foolish to ask such a great man to do such a little thing, but he would not be turned from his purpose and

when the artist came up he offered him his sheet of paper and asked him to draw something on it. The great man, who had done so many wonderful things, was pleased with the little child's request and sitting down in the street beside him, he drew on the paper a picture that delighted the boy's heart. That was what the little lad wanted, and he went home happy.

The story doesn't tell whether or not he thanked the artist for his work, but I shouldn't wonder if he was so happy in his heart that he forgot all about it. But, after all, that is the best way of saying "Thank you," and the man who drew the picture surely understood. Jesus told us that if we asked anything, He would give it to us; that is, if we asked things that were right and that He would want us to have. Let us not be afraid to ask Jesus for the things which we need. He is very great, and perhaps we are very small, but He is always pleased to have little children ask Him for the things their hearts desire. He is more willing to give than we are to ask.

X

A Lion Story-Sermon

Do you know that in the city of London there is a lion sermon preached every year? Isn't that a strange thing? Lots of sermons are lion sermons to little children—they are so long and so loud. I knew a little girl who said that the minister preached so long that she couldn't keep awake and he preached so loud that she couldn't go to sleep—but this is a real lion sermon. It is preached in one church, and is always preached on the same day, the sixteenth day of October. It has been preached in that same church, St. Catherine Cree, every year for two hundred and fifty years. A sum of money was set aside at that time so that gifts could be given to the poor people every year on the sixteenth day of October, and that a sermon should be preached which would tell the story of God's great care and of the power of prayer. This is the story:

Sir John Gayer was at one time Lord Mayor of London. He was a great traveller, and while in Asia, going through a desert

place, he found himself face to face with a great, strong, fierce-looking lion. He was all alone, for the rest of his company had gone on ahead. He was a good man and a Christian, and knew that if he was to be saved God alone could help him. He thought about Daniel, and how God had kept him safe in the lion's den, and so right there in the middle of the path he fell down upon his knees and asked God to take care of him and save him from the dreadful lion. When he had finished his prayer and opened his eyes, he was all alone. The lion was gone. He never saw it again, and rising from his knees he went forward and joined the company from which he had been separated. I suppose the lion was so frightened when he saw this man on his knees that he just scampered off.

You know there is a hymn that says that Satan flees when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees. If God could take care of Daniel, He could also take care of the Lord Mayor out in the desert in Asia, and He did. God took care of the great missionary, Livingstone, after the savage lion had broken his arm in its cruel jaws. Let us not be afraid to pray anywhere and everywhere.

XI

A Little Boy's Hard Questions *ew*

ONCE upon a time—I think that's the way to begin this story—a little boy whose name was William asked his mother some very hard and troublesome questions. Of course, that is nothing to wonder at, for every little boy and girl can ask hard questions that nobody can answer, and this little fellow was no exception. His parents were not Christians. They didn't go to church and they didn't pray, but they wanted William to go to Sunday-school and taught him to say the prayer that they had said when they were little children :

“ Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.”

And then he would add some little words of his own, just as other children do :

“ God bless papa,
God bless mamma,
God bless Willie, and make him to be a good boy.”

One night after he had said his prayer and kissed his mother good-night, he looked up into her face, and said: "Mamma, do you pray?" "No, darling," she said. "Does papa pray?" "I never heard him pray," said his mother. "Then why do you make me pray?" he said. "So that you may be a good boy." "Don't you want to be good, mamma?" he said. "Oh, yes, I want to be good." "Don't papa want to be good?" he asked. "Oh, I think so." "Then why don't you and papa both pray, too?" he asked. She was not quite ready to answer that hard question, and the little lad went on talking. "Well, mamma," said he, "I guess God will hear the prayer of a little boy like me, but don't you think you and papa expect too much of such a little fellow? Do you think that God wants me to do all the praying for this whole family? It seems to me that you and papa might help me a little." But he was growing sleepy, and he was soon far off in the land of nod.

He didn't think of it any more, perhaps, and he never asked those hard questions again. Indeed, he didn't need to ask them again, for the father and mother that night after he was sound asleep talked about it and came and knelt by his bed and gave

their hearts to God like little children, and prayed that God would answer their little boy's prayer.

So you see that hard questions sometimes are good questions. God doesn't want little children to be the only ones to pray. He wants fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and grandfathers and grandmothers all to pray to Him, for He is our Friend and He loves to have us speak to Him.

XII

Mendelssohn and the Organ

FELIX MENDELSSOHN. How would you like that for a name? Isn't that the strangest name you ever heard? Well, I'm going to tell you a story about Felix Mendelssohn. You know he was one of the great musicians of the world. His beautiful music is loved and played wherever people love and play music. Perhaps some of the boys and girls who are taking music lessons are acquainted with some of the music he has written.

One day he went to visit an old cathedral where there was a very wonderful organ. He had often heard about the organ in the old cathedral of Freiburg, and often wished that he might be able to play on it. So one day he travelled to the little town, and entering into the cathedral, found the old man who took charge of everything around the church. He asked permission to play for a little while on the old organ, but the old man just shook his head, and said, "No, no, no, that could never be,"—no stranger could ever be permitted to play on that wonderful

instrument. Mendelssohn talked so long and so lovingly about the organ and begged so hard to be allowed to play on it just for a little while, that at last the old man gave his consent and the great musician opened it up and began to play. The man listened, and then the great cathedral was filled with melody. It sang on and on and on, and never in all his life had he heard the great organ play such wonderful music. His eyes filled with tears, and laying his hand upon the stranger's shoulder, he asked his name. When he heard the name "Mendelssohn," the old man drew back and through the tears that were still falling, he said: "And I refused to let you play on my organ!"

Now, boys and girls, your life and mine is just like a great musical instrument. It is here in the world to make music. There often comes One to us who at first seems to be a stranger, who asks permission to make use of our talents and our days. He is not a Stranger. His name is Jesus, and if we let Him, He will bring forth from our lives the most beautiful music. He will turn our discords into peace and fill all life with harmony and happiness.

XIII

“I’ll Take What Father Takes”

ONE morning Harold went into town with his father, and stayed in his office until it was time to go to lunch. Harold had never remained down town so long, and he was very much interested in all the books and papers and drawers and desks in his father’s great office. He and his father were chums, and when lunch time came they went off together to eat at a near-by restaurant. The waiter knew the boy’s father and when he received the order for lunch asked the boy what he would have to drink. The waiter did not ask his father, because he knew that it was the father’s custom to have a bottle of wine each day. The boy replied as he had to the other questions, “I’ll take what father takes.” Then his father knew that something must be done, that it would never do for the waiter to bring a bottle of wine to the boy, and so he quietly called the waiter to his side and changed his order and asked for a glass of milk. And so when lunch was brought in, two glasses of milk were set

down on the table, one for the boy and one for his father and the little lad was greatly pleased that both of them should be having the same lunch; but all that afternoon after the father had gone back to his office the words of Harold kept ringing in his ears: "I'll take what father takes," "I'll take what father takes," "I'll take what father takes." He went home in the evening, and was happy for a little while in hearing Harold tell his mother all about his day's fun in the city and how he had the same things for lunch as his father. But that night after the boy had gone to bed, the father still heard those same words over and over again: "I'll take what father takes," "I'll take what father takes," and he remembered his wine and his cigars and all his bad habits. At last he could endure it no longer and knelt down and asked God to guide him, and from that night on he never tasted wine again and never took anything or did anything that would make him ashamed if his boy were to do the same.

I think that the boys and the girls who can do just what their parents do and are sure that they are doing what is right and true and good and kind, ought to be happy boys and girls. And I think that fathers and mothers

who feel safe in having their children take what they take and do what they do, and go where they go, and speak as they speak, ought to be very happy fathers and mothers. A father who wishes to keep his boy a chum all through life must walk very carefully and very prayerfully.

XIV

A Great Christian Soldier

NOT very long ago one of the great soldiers of the Civil War died. He had just one arm, and every one knew him and loved him. They called him Gen. O. O. Howard, and he was one of the best men God ever made. He served in our Civil War, and during General Sherman's last campaign in the South he was put at the head of a special division.

After the war closed, it was planned to have a great parade in the city of Washington, and the man whose place General Howard had taken insisted on riding at the head of his former command, and his friends were so powerful that General Sherman did not see how he could help granting his request. Before the parade was arranged he sent for General Howard and told him how he was fixed, and asked him if he would care if the other general rode at the head of the column. General Howard said that it was his command and that he had the right to ride at its head. "Of course, that is true," said General

Sherman, "but you know, Howard, you are a Christian, and you don't care so much about it and you can stand the disappointment." "Oh," said General Howard, "if that's what you mean, let him ride there and let him have the honour." "Yes," said General Sherman, "let him have the honour, but you will report to me at nine o'clock and ride by my side at the head of the army."

So you see that by giving up what he had a right to hold, he gained a greater honour. Jesus tells us a great many things about humility and about seeking for the first place and for the highest seats. And He tells us that the man who is last may be first, and the man who is least may be greatest, and that the man who is willing to be a servant is, after all, a king. If I were to give you a text for this story-sermon, perhaps it would be one of the Beatitudes. You know all the Beatitudes, of course, but this is the one I would give you as a text for this story-sermon: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

XV

A Story of a Powder Mine

A FEW years ago there was a great war going on over in Asia between Japan and Russia. When I was a little boy I used to think that wars belonged only to the far-away past, and I'll never forget how surprised I was to learn that nations still carry on war. Well, it was a dreadful war, and all wars are dreadful, but at last it came to an end and there was peace once more, and the soldiers left their guns and the sailors their ships and went back to their homes, glad that it was all over.

Two years went by, and one night a little town on the coast of the Sea of Japan was awakened out of its sleep by a noise that seemed to shake the earth. Trees were uprooted and houses fell in ruins, and when the morning broke ten men were found dead upon the shore and a hundred and fifty-six wounded. It seemed as if the war had broken out afresh. What was it that had happened? What did it all mean? Where did the dreadful explosion come from? You know when

there is war they put powder mines out upon the sea to float so that when the big ships of the enemy strike them they explode and the war vessels are destroyed ; and this was one of those powder mines that had been forgotten, and it had floated and floated and floated harmlessly upon the waves for nearly two long years, and at last it touched the shore and did its dreadful work.

Now, boys and girls, sin is just like that powder mine. Some time, perhaps, away in the past we did something that was wrong and we forgot about it and did not ask God to forgive us, and the days and the weeks and the years perhaps went by and we thought nothing about it, until at last it came home to us again. There is a verse in the Old Testament that you ought always to remember. It is a very short one, but it is a very true one : "Be sure your sin will find you out." It may not be found out by any one else, but that is not what it says—the verse says that "your sin will find you out." Sin is like powder, and the best thing is to have nothing to do with it.

XVI

Not Ashamed of His Mother

THIS is a story that Mr. Moody was very fond of telling. He told it over and over again, and never seemed to grow tired of it. I think any man would like it who was fond of his mother.

It is the story of a poor boy whose father was dead, and whose mother worked hard every day in order that he might get an education and go to college. When the day came for him to graduate, he wrote back home for his mother to come. She replied that she couldn't go to see him graduate, for her clothes were all old and worn and she had no money to buy new ones. The boy still begged her to come, and at last to please him she went in the best clothes she had. The graduation exercises were in a very rich and fashionable church, and when the names of the prize winners were read, her son received the highest honours. He had taken her to the church and given her one of the best seats in the very centre, and then went to join the class on the platform. There were tears in

her eyes when her son rose up to receive his reward. The president of the college pinned a medal on his coat and expressed his joy at the splendid success which this poor boy from the country had won in his college work. As soon as he had received the medal, he quietly left the platform and went directly to his mother and pinned it on her old, black, faded dress. There were tears in his eyes, too, as he bent over and kissed her face. "That's where it belongs," he whispered, and then he went back to his place. That was a beautiful thing to do, and every one was pleased to see a boy so honour his mother.

You know one of the commandments speaks something about honouring our father and our mother, and no better test of a boy's real character can be found than the way in which he treats his parents. One of the most beautiful things that we read of in the life of Jesus is that He went down to His home in Nazareth and was subject unto His parents. I don't wonder that when He was suffering on the cross He forgot about Himself and gave His mother into the care of John, His favourite disciple.

XVII

“God and Me”

AWAY up in the north of Scotland there is a little bridge over a mountain stream. It is in a little out-of-the-way place and in the summer time the stream is very small, but when the heavy rains and melting snows come in the spring time, it becomes a raging torrent. Across that mountain stream there is a stone foot-bridge, and on the keystone of the arch—you know what a keystone is, don't you? It is the central stone that holds the bridge together—there are carved these words, “God and Me.” Perhaps the grammar is not very good, but the story is good and I am going to tell you why those words are carved there on that stone.

Many years ago before there was any bridge over the stream, a little girl was trying to cross when the water was high, and she missed her footing and fell and was in danger of drowning. She prayed to God to help her, and promised Him that if He did help her she would build a bridge over that

dangerous place. Well, God did help her, and she got safely across to the other side. She was just a poor girl, but she went to work after a while and before she died had saved up enough money to build that stone foot-bridge across the river, and there it is to-day with its beautiful motto, “ God and Me.”

I think that is a very nice way to think about our work, that we help God and God helps us. We are workers together with Him.

XVIII

A Little Girl's Prayer

I WANT to tell you a story about a little girl. She was just a little girl—not very old, only about six—but she was a good little girl, and one day she came to her father,—and I know she thought she had the very best papa in all the world. I suppose every little girl thinks that and ought to think it. And she said, “Papa, I want you to say something to God for me. Something I want to tell Him very much. I have such a little voice that I don’t think He could hear it away up in heaven, but you have such a great big man’s voice, and He will be sure to hear.” Wasn’t it strange for her to say that? What do you think her papa said to her? Well, he took the little girl in his arms, and told her that if God were surrounded by all the angels singing one of the grandest and sweetest songs that was ever heard in heaven, He would say to them, “Hush! Stop singing for a little while. There’s a little girl away down on the earth who wants to tell Me something, and I must listen to hear what she has to say.”

Isn't that a pretty story? I think the sweetest words I ever hear are the words of a little child's prayer, and I think, too, that the very sweetest words that God hears up in heaven are the words that are spoken by the little children who fall asleep with His name upon their lips.

XIX

A Story About Prayer

I HOPE that each boy and girl who listens to these stories knows what it is to pray. I suppose you all do. Prayer is something much like electricity. You know we send messages far away and the people receive them just as we send them, and so too, we speak to God and somehow He hears us.

I have heard a story that perhaps will help you to see how prayer may do things for us better than we could do them ourselves. Over in Great Britain there are two big cities, Edinburgh and London, and they are a whole night's ride apart. There is an office of a great newspaper in each of the cities and there is a telegraph wire connecting those offices. One night one of the men of the London office was out very late, gathering news, and when he came back he couldn't get in because the man on the third floor, where the office was, had fallen asleep, and do what he could he was not able to wake him up. So he went to the nearest telegraph office and sent a message all the way to

Edinburgh, and it read, "Wake up the man in the third story." Then he went back to the door and in a little while down came his companion to open the door.

Don't you think that was a strange way by which to reach the man in London? The message went all the way to Edinburgh and then back to London, and it did the work that he couldn't do, and he was within a few steps of the very place he wanted to be.

Now, God can do some things for us better than we can do them ourselves, or better than our friends can do them for us, and prayer is the way we talk to God. He is our helper, and He will do for us far more than we have ever thought He could do.

XX

Hector and His Little Boy

I AM going to tell you a story from a very old book. It is older than much of our Bible. They tell us that it was written by a man whose name was Homer, but very little is known about him except that he was a great poet and that he was blind.

He tells a story about one of the great soldiers of his time whose name was Hector. He was starting out to one of the wars, for war in those days was the main business of life, and his wife and little boy came out to say good-bye. He was dressed in his heavy armour with his shining helmet flashing in the sun, and looked very strange and very dreadful, and when he put out his arms to take his boy and kiss him, the little fellow drew back to his mother and cried out for fear and fright. When the father understood, he took off his helmet and laid aside his shield, and then the little lad knew that it was his own dear father and running from his mother he sprang into his father's arms and kissed him again and again.

You know it is hard for us to think right thoughts about God. We say that God is great, that He is mighty, that He is a great Judge and a great King, and these great names frighten us and make us afraid. We think of the thunder and the lightning as His voice, but those things do not tell us the truth about God, and so He sent Jesus into the world. Jesus became a little child and grew up to be a man and lived His beautiful life among us, and said to those who wanted to see God: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." It was Jesus who took little children in His arms and blessed them, and He it is who helps us to know God and to love Him. Let us say it over again, "God is Love."

XXI

A Missionary Story

THIS is a missionary story. Not a missionary story about people far, far away in China, or India or Africa, but right here at home. Down in Iowa some years ago there was a father and a mother and a little baby boy and a little girl of seven. The father was not getting along very well, and when the new, great northwest country opened up, he went to North Dakota and secured a farm in a very lonely and out-of-the-way place. When he came back and told his little girl they were going to move far away, she asked him, right off, the very first thing, if there was any church there. You see she was fond of church. Her father said there was no church there. Then she asked him if there was any Sunday-school. And he said, "No." "Is there any God there?" she asked and her father did not know what to say, and so did not say anything. When they had moved all the things out of the house to the train and were ready to leave the old home, no one could find the little girl. They hunted

for her and hunted for her, and at last found her. And do you know where they found her? They found her in her own room, now all bare and empty, and she was kneeling in one corner with her face to the wall.

They wondered what she was doing, and then her mother who first found her, overheard her praying, and this is what she said: "Dear God, we are going to North Dakota, and there is no Sunday-school there and there is no church there, and there is no God there. Good-bye, God. Good-bye." When she got through, what do you think her mother did? With the tears in her eyes she knelt down beside her little girl and asked God to send the Sunday-school and the church to their new home, and to go with them there Himself. And so they went away to their new and lonely home in the far West. Now, what do you think happened? Within two months, the Sunday-school missionary, one of the men we support with our Children's Day offering, came and started a Sunday-school, and within five months they had a little church, and the neighbours for miles and miles around came to both Sunday-school and church.

A child's prayer is always answered.

XXII

A Boy Who Was a Bridge

NEARLY a hundred years ago there was born in Switzerland a little boy whose name was Louis Agassiz. Isn't that a strange name for a boy? His father was a minister, but I guess that hasn't anything to do with his name. When he grew up to be a man he came to America and was one of the greatest scholars and scientists that the world has ever had. But my story is not about a man but about a boy.

When he was a little boy in Switzerland, he lived on the border of a lake. You know there are a great many beautiful lakes in Switzerland. He had a little brother very much smaller than himself, and these two boys one day thought they would go across the lake and meet their father. The lake was covered with ice, and they started off to walk across it to him. Their mother stood at the window watching them and saw them go along quite safely until they came to a crack in the ice. It was not very wide, perhaps only a foot, and the ice was quite thick,

but the mother was afraid that the little fellow would try to step over it and that he would fall in. She could not call to them, for they were too far away, and she could not run after them because they would have tried to get over before she could reach them; so she could only sit at the window and watch and pray. Now, what do you think happened? Do you think they turned back, or do you think they both jumped? Well, they didn't do either. The big boy Louis got down on the ice, his feet on one side of the crack and his hands on the other just like a bridge, and his little brother crept over him to the other side. Then they both went along laughing and jumping in great glee until they met their father.

I think this is not only a pretty story, but a very good story. Every big boy ought to be a bridge for every little boy. Every boy is big enough to help some other boy over the dangerous places. A big boy should help a little boy to hate swearing and smoking and lying and cheating. I think Jesus must have helped lots of little boys to do what was right

XXIII

The Copper That Became Gold

ONCE upon a time—I think this is a real fairy story—in a very far-away country there lived a great and wise king. Everybody loved him, and the people from far and near were glad to bring presents to the king to show how much they loved him.

Now, there lived in the country a poor old woman. She had been poor all her life, and knew nothing about riches or money or wealth. Then there came a day when all the people made their gifts to the king, and all this poor woman had was just a copper farthing. That is a piece of money less than our penny, and she was ashamed of it and said: "This is so small. I am afraid the great king will be angry with me if I give it. It is so small it would be better perhaps for me to keep it to myself." But when she saw the others giving their gifts, she changed her mind and went with the rest to give her farthing to the king. Now, the story goes, that when she dropped it into the king's hand something happened. What do you

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think happened? Well, this is what happened: When the king looked to see what the poor old woman had given him, he saw lying in his hand a coin of the purest gold. Then the king was ashamed and loved the poor old woman for her gift very much, but thought it was too much for her to give, and so taking the poor withered hand in his he put the coin back into her hand again, but when he looked at it in her hand, what do you think he saw? Why, it was just the old copper coin again! Then she gave it to the king once more, and again it was gold in his hand.

Now, that's a fairy story, but it's a true story. I think you know that most fairy stories are true stories. Some day perhaps you will understand what I mean by that, but I think you know what this story means, for when we give even our smallest gift to the Master it becomes of far more worth than when we keep it for ourselves. You know Jesus saw a poor woman put in the collection plate two farthings, and He said that what she had given was worth more than all the rich people had given. And you remember the little boy who gave his lunch to Jesus, and how Jesus with that little boy's lunch fed more than five thousand men.

XXIV

The Scholar's Prayer

ABOUT two hundred years ago there lived in Germany a very wise man. His name was Bengel — Johann Albrecht Bengel. Every one knew that he was a great man and a great scholar. He wrote books on the Bible that are still read and studied. He was a good man and every one who knew him loved him. Don't you think it would be lovely if we loved every one we knew and if all who knew us loved us? One of Bengel's friends was very anxious to learn the secret of his beautiful life, and decided he would hide away in the great man's study and watch what the dear old man did when he thought no one but God was seeing him. Did you ever see the study of a great scholar who lives among books and desks and papers and magazines? Well, if you have, you know it would not be hard to hide away somewhere so no one could see you. Now that is just what this friend did, and there behind the books and the shelves he waited and watched. That was not a very nice thing

to do, but we will forgive him because we have such a nice story to tell about it. This hide-and-seek man thought he would not have to wait long to see what the old man did and how he said his prayers, and what he did to make him so good and beautiful. I know some one who wouldn't miss hearing a little girl say her prayer for more money than you could count. But this hide-and-seek man didn't guess how long he would have to wait and watch. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock came and still the old man sat reading his Bible and thinking over each word and writing out his notes, which were afterwards to make his great book on the New Testament. It was almost twelve o'clock, and the man was still hiding away behind the books and Bengel was still hard at his task. At last, it struck twelve and closing his books and clasping his hands and closing his eyes, he began to pray. And what do you think he heard? Well, this was the prayer: "Dear Lord Jesus, we are on the same old terms." Just ten little words. Just a little child's prayer. I can think of no better prayer than that. How good it is to be on "the same old terms" with the dear Lord Jesus and to know that always and everywhere we are the best of friends.

XXV

Tongues and Ears

THIS is a missionary story. Not an old-fashioned, dry-as-dust, good-for-nothing missionary story, but a real story from Japan, one about Japanese children. You know the children of Japan are just like other children, and they love stories. Perhaps they love them more than other children, for even on the street corners one can sometimes see men telling stories to little boys and girls who gather around them. One day a missionary who happened to be around overheard one of these men telling a group of little children a story, and this is what he heard:

Once upon a time a little boy went to heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange upon it. "What is that?" he asked. "Is that something to make soup of?" You know the Japanese are very fond of soup, and he thought of course that these strange things that he saw would be used for that purpose. "No," was the reply, "they are ears belonging to little boys and girls who didn't pay

any attention to what they heard and so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies did not." The little boy looked upon another shelf and saw something more that was strange and queer to him, and asked what it was. "Is that something to make soup of?" he said again. "No," he was told, "those things are tongues. They belong to boys and girls who were always talking and telling other people how to be good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do and when they died their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies didn't."

Now, you know what that story means. It is just like a fairy story, but like all fairy stories, it has a lesson. God gives us ears and tongues and hands and feet and eyes and hearts to help us and to use rightly, and if we don't use them as God wants us to use them, they do us no good, but evil. Jesus said it would be better for us to be blind than to see only bad things, and that it would be better for us to be deaf than for us to hear only wicked things.

XXVI

A Lion and a Little Dog

YOU all know what a zoo is. It's a place where wild animals are kept. In the great city of London they call the zoo the Zoological Gardens. It was one of the first zoos in all the world, and many years ago the people who went to London all visited the wild animals that were kept there.

One day a strange man was visiting the cages of the wild beasts, and he had with him a little dog that was very unruly and disobedient. When he came to the lion's cage, where there was one of those great animals that we call "The King of the Forest," he said to the keeper, "You may throw that little dog into the lion's cage, if you like." The keeper reached down and catching the little dog, opened the door of the cage and threw it in to the great, fierce-looking beast. The two men looked and expected to see the lion eat up the little dog in just a minute, but the lion did not do that. What do you think it did? The little dog crept off into a corner of the cage, and they could see its

hair moving for very fear and then they saw the great lion walk slowly over to where it was and put out its great, strong paw, and stroke the head of the little dog. Then it lay down beside its new found companion, and they became fast friends. The man went away wondering how long it would be before the lion ate up the dog. After three or four weeks he came back and was surprised to see behind the bars of the cage his little dog walking up and down beside the huge beast, quite independent, as much as to say, "You see where I am." The man hunted up the keeper, and said, "I guess the lion doesn't want that little dog for his dinner, so I'll just take it home again. My children have missed it, and I think I'd better take it home." "Well," said the keeper, "here are the keys. You can get the dog for yourself." Do you think he got the dog? Well, I guess he didn't. He couldn't get near that cage to open the door, for the great lion began to roar and would have used all his great strength to protect the little dog that had become his friend.

Many people are afraid of God, and somewhere in the Bible we read it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. Well, so it is, for God is love and when we

have hearts of sin and hearts of hate and when we fight against God and go our own way, we feel that all God's great power is being used against us. We are afraid of God, because we have wrong thoughts about Him. When we give ourselves to Him and trust Him, we find that instead of hurting us He is our best friend, and uses all His love and power and strength to protect and keep and help us. Here are some of the things He says :

“I will never leave you, nor forsake you.”

“He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.”

“All power is given unto Me, and, lo, I am with you always.”

XXVII

Beware of the Camel's Nose

THIS is an Arabian story, a story, I suppose, like one of the stories of the "Arabian Nights."

An Arab, who was living alone in his tent, was surprised to hear footsteps coming over the sand straight for the door of his tent. He listened, and was soon more surprised than ever to see the folds of the tent door open and the nose of a camel come through. "Get out of there," said the Arab. The camel didn't move, but spoke back to the Arab, and said: "It's so cold here on the outside. Please let me put only my nose through the door so that I may be warmed just a little." "Well, see that you come no further," said the Arab, and having said that he went about his work. When he turned to look again, the camel's head was in at the door, and it was looking all over the tent. "Didn't I tell you to come no further?" said the Arab. "My head was cold," said the camel, "and I thought if you would let my nose in you would not mind about my head." "Well, see that you come no further," said the Arab,

and he went about his work. When he looked again, the camel had put its front foot and shoulder through the door and was reaching farther into the tent. The man turned quickly and was angry and told the camel to move back and go away, and was about to reach down and lift up a stick to strike it, when the camel walked boldly into the tent and drove the man forth from his own home.

I think you know now what it means when people say, "Beware of the camel's nose." There is only one way to keep the camel out, and that is not to let even its nose in, and there is only one way to keep evil out of our thoughts and minds and hearts and that is not to allow it to have the least entrance. There's an old proverb that says : "First, the man took a drink. Then the drink took a drink, and then the drink took the man." That's always the way when we start a friendship with things that are wrong. Perhaps you will remember the story of the camel's nose if I repeat to you some verses about it :

Once in a shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought ;
When through the open window space,
Behold ! a camel thrust his face.
"My nose is cold," he meekly cried,
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side."

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head ;
As true as sermon follows text,
The long and shaggy neck came next ;
And then as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest ;
Yet more astonished, heard him say,
" If thou art troubled, go thy way,
For in this place I choose to stay."

Oh, youthful hearts to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn ;
To evil habits, earliest wile,
Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile ;
Check the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'en admit the camel's nose."

XXVIII

A Little Lost Lamb

I HAVE a story for you about a little lost lamb. We have heard often about the lost sheep, but this time it is about a lost lamb. It was off in the far-away country of Australia, which is, you know, the largest island in the whole world and has great unfenced hills and plains and farms. One day this little lamb wandered off from the flock where it belonged and got mixed up with a lot of strange sheep and lambs. But the owner of the little lamb hunted for it and at last found it and claimed it, but the farmer in whose field the little lamb was found would not give it back but claimed it as his own. So the owner of the lamb went to the great judge in the court room and asked that the little lamb be given back to him again. The farmer said the little lamb was his. So how could the judge tell? One man said it was his, and the other said it was his. So what was he to do? What a dreadful thing it is, not to tell the truth! Well, he was a wise judge, a very wise judge, and he ordered the farmer

to bring the little lamb into the courtyard. You can imagine how timid and frightened and lonely the little thing would be. How would you like to be taken all alone into a great judge's court? When the little lamb was shut in the courtyard, the judge told the farmer to go and call the lamb. So down he went and called and called. Do you know how to call a little lamb?—"Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba." But the little lamb just raised its head and looked frightened. Then the judge called the man who said he had lost the lamb and told him to call. So he did, but first he hid behind a tree in the courtyard, and then he began to call, in a sweet, winning way—"Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba," and the little lamb began to run round and round and at last came to the tree where the man was hiding and calling, and when it found him it began to lick his hand and rub its little head on the man's legs as little lambs that are happy frequently do. I have often seen them do it, and perhaps you have too. Then, of course, the judge knew whose the little lamb was, and off it went with the man that loved it, contented and happy.

There is a story something like this in the Bible. It tells us that we are like the little lost lamb and that Jesus is our Good

Shepherd, and this is the story : "The sheep hear His voice ; and He calleth His own sheep by name and leadeth them out. And when He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him ; for they know His voice. But a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him ; for they know not the voice of strangers."

XXIX

A Rich Lady's Dream

I HAVE heard of a lady who had a very strange dream. You know how strange most of our dreams are. But this was such a strange dream. She was a very rich woman, and the people said she was a very good woman. One night she dreamed that she went up to heaven and one of the angels showed her through the streets of the beautiful city. She saw such beautiful houses and palaces as she had never seen before. At last she came to one that was just being built. It was more beautiful than those around it, and she asked her guide whose it was. "Oh," said the angel, "that is for your gardener." The lady was much surprised and said: "For my gardener! Why, he is only a poor man and has always lived in a little bit of a house." The angel said nothing, but led her on through the streets and avenues of the city. Soon they came to a plain looking house, low-roofed, and very simple. Of course it too was beautiful, for everything is beautiful in heaven, but it was not like the

other fine palaces she had seen. Then she asked the angel whose the little low cottage house was. The angel said, "This is to be your house." "Mine?" said the lady. "Why, I have always lived in a mansion down on the earth." "Yes, I know," said the angel, "but the Great Builder is doing the best He can with the material that is being sent up." That is a strange dream, but you know what it means. We are all building our lives and characters for heaven, and we are doing it now. Every kind deed, and every true word and every beautiful thought are stones in the building. The kind of house we will live in will depend on the kind of stuff we are putting into our lives now. There is a hymn we sing in the Sunday-school, and it runs like this :

" Building, daily building, while the moments fly
We are ever building—life-work for on high.
Character we're building—thoughts and actions free
Make for us a building for eternity."

Next time you sing it, think of this rich lady's dream.

XXX

The Story of a Bad Boy

THIS is a story told by the president of one of our great universities. So it must be well worth hearing. It was out West, in a graded school. He belonged to the seventh grade and had been sent up to the principal so often that at last he was told to report at the office after school. You know what that means. Well, when school was dismissed the bad boy found himself seated at the principal's desk copying out on a white sheet of paper all the offenses he had committed during the year. When he had written for five minutes he showed the record to the principal. The principal opened a drawer in the desk and took out a record book and turning to the bad boy's name began to read the record he had kept of every offense for which the boy had been punished during the year. Again the boy set to work to make the record of his bad deeds complete. After several reminders by the principal, the list was finished and it was long and black and

bad. The boy was then supplied with fresh paper and told to write a sentence or two about each offense, explaining why it had been committed. By this time the bad boy was beginning to know pretty thoroughly his own long, bad record. When the task was ended he was told to write out all he had written on clean, white paper. He was tired and hungry when he finished, and the darkness was casting shadows in the room. "Now," said the principal, "take this sheet and with pen and ink make as good a copy as you can and we will send it home to your mother." But the boy refused this time to obey, and the tears were in his eyes. "Why not?" said the principal. "Because I don't want mother to know about this." "But doesn't your mother know what sort of a boy you are?" "No, she doesn't," said the bad boy. "Does she think you're a good boy?" asked the principal. And through the tears that were surprising both the boy and the principal, he said, "Yes." "And so," said the principal, "you don't want your mother to know what sort of a boy you are at school. But I don't see how we can help it, for I have tried everything with you. Let me think a minute." The principal walked up and down the room as

the boy tried to dry away the tears he was ashamed of, and then standing before the lad, said, "Do you think you could be the sort of boy your mother thinks you are?" The boy thought he could. "Well, then I'll tell you what we'll do. We will place what you have written in this large envelope and seal it and put it away in my safe. If you are not sent up to me again this year, we will just put the whole thing in the furnace and say no more about it." There was a lump in the boy's throat and he didn't say anything, and so that is all there is to the story. No, not all. That is all that is bad, perhaps, but there is lots of good to be added to the story, for the boy never troubled the teacher after that and was the principal's loyal friend to the end of school.

It is something like this that God does for us with all our wrong-doing and bad conduct and wicked, sinful thoughts and words and acts. If we are only willing to give up our wrong ways, God will forgive and forget all the past. Listen to what He says He will do with our sins when we are willing to do what He would like to have us do :

1. He says He will remove them as far as the east is from the west. Could you measure the length of that distance ?

2. He says He will remember them no more.

3. He says He will cast them behind His back.

4. He says He will cast them into the depths of the sea.

5. He says He will blot them out as a thick cloud.

When boys and girls know what a loving and forgiving friend they have in God they become His loving and loyal friends forever.

XXXI

The Hidden Ring

ONCE upon a time—that sounds like a fairy story, and perhaps it is—a beautiful princess was given a silver egg as a wedding present. She was surprised to get it and wondered why anybody could be so foolish as to give her a silver egg, for she didn't know what use she could make of it, but when she handled it she touched a little secret spring and found inside the egg a yellow yolk of pure gold. Then she was curious and began to feel the shining gold, when what do you think happened? It too flew open, and there inside was a beautiful, beautiful bird. So she held the bird in her hand, and when she pressed the wings of the bird she found in its breast the prettiest little jewel crown, bright with many colours, and then inside the crown, which opened also by a secret spring, she found a ring with beautiful diamonds which exactly fitted the finger of the princess herself.

Now, boys and girls, life is just like that. When we are little we don't see its real

meaning, but as the years go by and the secret springs open up new treasures, little by little and more and more we get to see that after all there is something strange about it, and at last at the very end we find something that is exactly suited for ourselves, and for no one else. I wonder if you ever ask yourself what you are doing here, and what God means you to do and what He means you to be? Perhaps you can't answer those questions now but if you will follow Him day by day and year by year, at last He will lead you to see that He has something much more beautiful for you than you could have discovered for yourself.

XXXII

A Little Lost Bird

WHEN we left the great city of Liverpool, it was beginning to grow dark, and the darkness was already drifting up the river. We were starting on the long voyage across the wide ocean on the *Empress of Britain* and the great sea-gulls were following the big ship expecting their evening meal, but as the night fell and we reached the open sea and the land began to fade away, they stopped following the ship and returned to the quieter waters of the river.

When the morning broke we were far out upon the deep, deep sea, but we noticed a little land bird sitting in the rigging of the ship and singing a good-morning song. We had passed by all sight of land and were too far from home for the little bird to return. What could it do, and why was it there? We wondered why it had left home. Had it been naughty or angry, or had its own little restless nature led it out and out and on and on until it lost all thought of home and it was too late to return? Nobody knew, but there

it was and there it took up its home and, like Noah's dove, waited in sweet content, finding no other place to rest its little feet.

The sailors saw it, watched it and fed it with crumbs they gathered at their own meal, and it drank from the water on the ship's deck. Once or twice a day we saw it strike out from the ship as if at last it had decided to return home, but in a few minutes back it came out of the haze to find rest in some hidden place about the great boat.

So it lived on through the eventless days of the voyage until we reached the shores of the new world, where we lost it among the rocks and hills of Labrador. I suppose it has there found some new companions and is glad for the freer and larger life, which for a while had been denied to it.

Whether we will or not, you and I must make our way across the great sea of life. It is all so strange and so fearful-like, with the great sea never still and the darkness coming down in the night and the fog thickening around. There is only one way by which we can safely cross to the other side. We must keep close to where safety lies. There is in the Bible one of the most wonderful stories of the sea that was ever written. It is a story of storm and shipwreck, and in the story

there is a verse which reads like this : " Except these abide in the ship they cannot be saved." 'It was well for all on board that day that they stayed close to the ship, and it will be well for us. We speak of Jesus as our Pilot, and so He is, but He is also the ship, and with Him in the deepest fog and out on the darkest sea, you and I will be as safe as was the little bird that kept us company across the great ocean.

XXXIII

The Tree on the Chimney Top

OVER in a little Scottish town, called Stewarton, near the country where Robert Burns lived and where my father and mother played together as children, there is one of the most interesting things I ever saw. I had often heard it spoken about in my home and when visiting there not long ago I discovered it for myself. By the side of a little stream—the Scotch people call it a burn—there is a mill, and on the mill there is a great tall chimney—the Scotch people call it a lum—and on the chimney, at the very top, there is a little tree about as high as a man and as slender as a broomstick. It has been growing there for I don't know how long. It was there when my mother was a girl and after she had been away for nearly fifty years she returned to visit her native town and it was still there and seemed no bigger and no taller and was just as healthy and just as hearty as it ever had been. There it has grown, high in the air, fifty feet or more from the ground and has stood against wind and

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weather, summer and winter, during all these many years.

How does it live? Why does it not die? You can see the reason if you look carefully, for you will find that it has a little root running from the chimney top right down the side of the wall, which at last buries itself in the rich soil beside the little stream. That root feeds the tree and in this way it has lived for nearly a hundred years.

Do you remember when Jesus was talking once about men and women and boys and girls who began well, who promised big things, who were enthusiastic and had lots to say and then after a while grew lazy and indifferent, and lost their interest in church and Sunday-school and all other good things, He said the reason was that they had no root and like a rootless tree they soon withered away? See that the root goes down deep. The deeper the better. The root feeds the life.

The root of the mind is study and thought.

The root of the body is food and exercise.

The root of the conscience is duty and truth.

The root of the soul is service and prayer and Bible study and God.

XXXIV

A Child Who Was a King

I DON'T know whether I can tell you this story so that you will understand it or not, but I will try. Louis XVI was the last king of France. The people of France put him to death, and after that they had presidents for their rulers, just as we have.

When Louis XVI died, he left behind him a little son who would have been Louis XVII, if the change had not been made in the government of his country. This little boy was kept a prisoner, and the people who had him in charge tried to do everything they could to make him forget that he had a king for his father, and tried to fill his mind with bad thoughts and bad feelings and bad words. He was a sensitive and nervous little fellow, and having been born in a cultured home and with the blood of royalty in his body, he turned away from the bad men who vexed and annoyed him and tried to forget their wicked teaching. Sometimes they would press him too hard and tempt him too much, and then he would turn away from them and

say through his tears: "I can't say it. I can't do it, for I was born to be king." I think he must have been a brave boy.

Every boy and girl is the child of a King. We, too, have been born into a royal family. God means that we shall reign with Him. The Bible says: "We know not what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him." Whenever you are tempted to say a bad word, or to think a bad thought, or to have a bad feeling, or to do a bad thing, remember that you, too, were born to be a king.

XXXV

Writing With Ink

I REMEMBER hearing a story when I was a boy, which I have never forgotten, and which I would like to tell to you. It is about a little boy who was in the habit of doing very bad and naughty things and his father had tried in every way he knew to break him of it. At last he said to the boy, whose name was Harvey: "Harvey, I'll tell you what we'll do. Every time you do something wrong, I'll nail a nail in the old wood-shed door so you can see how often you have been naughty, and perhaps that will make you ashamed and cause you to be more careful." So, day after day, more nails were seen on the old door, until at last Harvey became ashamed and began to correct his faults and to do better. Then every time he did something kind, his father drew one of the nails out of the door until at last every nail was gone again. His father took his boy out to see the last nail drawn, and was happy to think that Harvey had ceased to be bad and had become quite a good boy. When they

were turning away from the place, his father noticed the tears in Harvey's eyes, and asked him what was the matter. "Oh," he said, "the nails are all gone, but the marks are there yet."

So you see, boys and girls, that even though we have been forgiven for the wicked things we have done, sometimes the marks are left in our lives. Let us be careful and try to live so that we will not have to undo what we once did. Here are some lines of poetry that I want you to learn. I have read them often, and I think you will like to read them too :

" My little boy came home from school to-day,
With his heart in a flurry of glee ;
' Oh, papa, they have taken our pencils away,
And I'm writing with ink,' said he ;
And his breast is filled with a manly pride,
For it joys him much to think
He has laid his pencil and slate aside,
And is writing his words with ink.

" Oh, innocent child, could you guess the truth,
You would ask of the years to stay,
'Mid the slate and pencil cares of youth,
That a tear will wash away.
For out in the great wide world of men,
The wrongs we do or think
Can never be blotted out again,
For we write them all with ink."

XXXVI

A Boy Hero

HIS name was John Coleridge Patteson. The world knows him as Bishop Patteson. He was a great missionary to the South Sea Islands, and he was killed by the bad men whom he tried to make good. He had landed on the island to speak some words of peace to the savage natives, but they killed him before he could speak to them and put his dead body in an open boat and sent it out to sea. That was the kind of man he was. He was a brave, good, strong man, and brave, good, strong men are made out of brave, good, strong boys.

When he was a boy in school, he was captain of the cricket team. You know cricket is the national game in England just as baseball is with us, and he was one of the best cricket players in the college. After one of the games at which his team had won, the boys were full of merrymaking, and soon began to tell silly jokes and to use bad words. At last Collie—that was what they called him—could stand it no longer, and rose up

from his place and said clearly in his own boyish voice: "I must leave the team if this talk goes on. I'll not share in it, and I'll not listen to it. If it goes on I must leave the room and resign from the team." And he did leave the room, and he did resign. Now, you know what that meant when he was the best player. They gathered around him and pled with him not to leave them and promised that they would never again annoy him with their bad language and unclean stories, and he went back and led the team to victory.

A boy who is ashamed to do right, to tell the truth, to shun bad companions, to speak against bad language and all meanness, is a coward, and the boy who is not ashamed to do right, even if he must stand all alone, is a hero.

XXXVII

Little Shadi's Prayer

ALL the little boys and girls that I know like to pray. Each one of them has a little prayer of his own. Sometimes it is one given by the child's mother, and sometimes it is one the little child makes for himself. Of course it is not a prayer like a grandfather or a grandmother would make, and I guess it ought not to be like grandfather's or grandmother's. Grandmothers and grandfathers can have their own kind of prayers, but, after all, a little child's prayer is about the best I know.

I want to tell you a story about a little boy's prayer. His name was Shadi. He lived far away in India. He was a little orphan boy, and when he was just six years old he went to live with a missionary lady, who was very kind to him and taught him to love Jesus, and gave him a little prayer for his own. One night when he was going to bed, his missionary mother said to him, "Now, Shadi, I want you to pray a little prayer of your own." What do you think this little

boy's prayer was? It was very short, for you know he was only six years old and it is only old people who make very long prayers. This was what he said: "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old." Don't you think that was a good prayer for a little six-year-old boy? To be like Jesus was when He was only six years old would be the very best thing in all the world for a little boy who was just six years old himself. Boys and girls ought not to be like their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers, for they must not have old heads on young shoulders, but must be just as sweet and simple and childlike as we are sure Jesus was when He was a little boy in His mother's home.

XXXVIII

The Three Golden Apples

DID you ever know a girl who was called by the name of Atalanta? The only person I know by that name was a Greek princess. Although she lived so very long ago, yet she was much like the girls of to-day. First of all, she was very beautiful—so beautiful that all the young men who knew her wanted to marry her. Then she was very fond of athletics. She could run faster than any one else, and she liked to live and romp in the open air. She said that she would never marry any one who couldn't run faster than she could. Her beauty attracted so very many young men who wanted to race with her, that in order to be free from their pleadings she said that those who failed to win in the race would be put to death. She thought that would keep them from bothering her, but still they came and tried to win the race, but were always beaten and always punished.

One day a very handsome prince came and asked her to marry him, and said he was willing to run the race with her. But she

was very fleet-footed, and he soon found that she could outrun him. He was a very clever young man, however, and when he found that he was being beaten he took from his robe a golden apple, which he had hidden there for the very purpose, and threw it on the road ahead of her. Atalanta saw it, and was so surprised and so eager to secure it, that she stopped for a moment to pick it up. While she was picking it up, he ran past her and so gained some little distance. A second time as she was gaining on him, he cast another golden apple, and again she stopped long enough to get it. A third time, when the goal was almost reached, he flung the last golden apple at her feet, and as she stooped to pick it up he ran on ahead of her, past the goal, and the race was won.

The Bible often speaks of life as a race. We are to run the race that is set before us looking unto Jesus. We are not to look to the right hand, or to the left, but to keep right on. The boy or the girl who turns aside from the right path to gather the pleasures of the world may at last lose the race. There are many things that God means us to enjoy, but we must not wander from our purpose, or lose the path in order to secure them.

XXXIX

The Broken Vase

A HUNDRED years ago there lived in England a great potter. You know a potter is a man who makes beautiful things out of clay. His name was Josiah Wedgwood, and the things he made are now very, very rare and costly.

One day an English nobleman came to see him in his great factory and to visit and study the works. One of his employees, a little lad of about fifteen years, went with the nobleman and explained to him how the work was done. Now, this nobleman was a man who didn't believe in God, and who, while he was smart, yet was very rough in his speech and used many bad words and made light of sacred things. The boy was at first greatly shocked at the nobleman's wicked words, but after a while laughed at his smart remarks. Mr. Wedgwood, who followed them, heard much of the conversation and was very indignant at the way in which the nobleman spoke before the boy. When they came back to the office, Mr

Wedgwood picked out a very beautiful vase of the choicest pattern, and holding it in his hands, told the nobleman the long and careful way in which it had been made. The nobleman was greatly pleased with the explanation and was much charmed with the beautiful shape and colour and design of the vase, and reached out his hand to take it. Just as he touched it, however, the owner let it fall to the ground, and his visitor uttering an angry word said, "I wanted that one for myself, and now it is ruined by your carelessness." "My lord," said the old potter, "there are things more precious than any vase,—things which when ruined can never be restored. I can make another vase like this for you, but you can never give back to the boy, who has just left us, the simple faith and the pure heart which you have destroyed by making light of sacred things and by using impure words in his presence."

Don't you think that was a good sermon for a great nobleman? I have heard men say that they would give their right arm if they could forget some of the things they heard when they were boys. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."

XL

Who Is the Prettiest Girl?

I THINK girls are the queerest things in all the world. I am going to tell you a story about three young girls who quarrelled among themselves as to who had the most beautiful hands. Don't you think that was a funny thing to quarrel about? One of them dipped her hands in the beautiful clear water of the running brook, and said, "See how white and pretty my hands are." The second one gathered berries until her fingers were pink, just as if she had coloured them most beautifully. The third girl walked among the flowers and picked the roses until her hands were sweet with the perfume, but still they couldn't decide whose hands were the most beautiful. Did I say there were three girls? Well, there were four. But the fourth girl didn't quarrel about her beauty, for she didn't think she had any to quarrel about. Then an old woman came along, poor and wrinkled and old. She was a beggar and asked each of the girls for something to eat, but each of the three put her hands behind

her and said she had nothing to give. But the fourth girl gave her of what she had, and then the face of the poor old woman began to shine and became lovelier than any face they had ever seen, and she said, "It's not the hands that are dipped in the brook, nor the hands that are painted by the berries, nor the hands that are perfumed by the flowers that are the most beautiful, but the hands that give to the poor," and as she said those words she changed—for you know this is a fairy story—she changed into a beautiful angel, and before they could say anything to her she was gone.

I think you know what this story means. It means that the most lovely beauty in all the world is the beauty which comes from sweetness and goodness and kindness and love, and these belong to our hearts and minds rather than to our faces and our hands.

" Beautiful faces are those that wear,
It matters little if dark or fair,
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

" Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

" Beautiful feet are they that go,
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so."

XLI

The Son of a Soldier

GENERAL HAVELOCK was one of the great soldiers of the British army. He was a great man and a good man who fought in the war in India. He used to rise at three or four o'clock in the morning to read his Bible. When he was at home he lived in London with his wife and little boy, whose name was Henry.

When Henry was perhaps ten or twelve years old, he and his father went out together, and during the afternoon when they were crossing London Bridge his father, thinking of another engagement, said to his son: "Henry, you stay here on the bridge until I come back for you." Now, London Bridge at that time was a very interesting place. It was crowded with stores and shops and interesting people, and Henry was quite at home there. His father went to his own work and became so interested in it that he forgot all about his boy, and when the work was ended he went off home to his supper, where a friend was waiting for him who had been

invited to dine at his home that night. During the evening meal, Mrs. Havelock looked up and said to her husband: "My dear, where is Henry?" for she knew that they had gone out together early in the afternoon and that she had not seen the boy since.

The general sprang to his feet. "Poor fellow," he said, "I guess Henry is standing on London Bridge waiting for me. I left him there early in the afternoon and told him to wait for me, and I forgot all about the appointment." Leaving his guest, he called a cab and drove to London Bridge, where he found Henry just where he left him and they came home smiling. "You see, sir," said General Havelock to his friend, "this is the kind of obedience which is seen in a soldier's family."

We can't all be soldiers and generals and sons of soldiers, but we can all be obedient, just as obedient as soldiers are, for indeed, after all, we are soldiers—the soldiers of a greater King than this world knows—and Jesus is our Captain, the Captain of our salvation.

XLII

The Prince of Wales

YOU know the eldest son of the King of England is called the Prince of Wales. Once when Edward VII, who died only a short time ago, was Prince of Wales he was in school at Eton, and one of the boys who did not know him asked him his name, whom he lived with, and where he lived. You see he was an inquisitive boy, and so the future King of England said to him: "My name is Wales. I live with my mother, and my home is at Windsor Castle." He was Prince of Wales for a very long time. I wonder if you know why the eldest son of the King of England is called the Prince of Wales? If you listen, I will tell you.

Many years ago the little country of Wales was a kingdom all by itself and had its own government, but after a time it was conquered by England and became part of the British nation, but the Welsh people were not very happy and not very contented under the English rule. Now it happened that one of the kings of England, Edward I, loved the

Welsh people and lived in their country and visited in their homes, and promised them that some day he would give them a prince of their own who would rule over them. The King and the Queen were living then in the wonderful Castle of Caernarvon, and while there in the year 1284 there was born to them a little baby boy, and remembering his promise the king called him the Prince of Wales and he afterwards became King Edward II. The Welsh people were very proud of their new prince, and said, "Now he is one of our very own, called by our name and born in our country. We'll love him and we'll serve him."

I know another and a more wonderful story than that, about another Prince. It is a Bible story. His name is the Prince of Peace. God sent His own Son into the world, to be our Prince and our Saviour. When we come to know Him, we love Him and give our hearts wholly to Him, and at last He becomes what I hope He is for each one of us—a Saviour and a King.

XLIII

Little Faithful

WE have been hearing a great deal lately about the North Pole. For many years people have tried to find it, and at last it has been discovered by Peary and everybody is satisfied.

Some years ago a man by the name of Nansen started off from his home in Europe to go far into the cold icy country of the North to see if he could be the first to find the long-sought North Pole. He was a very brave man, and knew what it was to stand the cold and to endure hardship. He was gone for months and months, and no one heard anything from him. His wife waited and waited and waited, but no word came and she didn't know whether he was living or whether he had died in that lonely land of the North. One day, after she had waited for thirty long, long months, a little bird—a little carrier pigeon—came to her window and tapped gently on the pane. She had been watching for this little messenger for many long days, for when her husband went away

he took with him some little carrier pigeons, so that he might be able to send a message to his home. The window was quickly opened, and the little messenger was lifted in and covered with kisses by the poor woman who had waited so long for word from her husband. The little bird had come straight from the North, over a thousand miles of ice and a thousand miles of water with a message from the explorer to his wife, which said that all was well.

I think the bird's name ought to be "Little Faithful." How quickly it went! How straight it flew! Without waiting and without turning aside, it never rested until it was home. Children who run errands for their parents might learn something from Little Faithful. God made the little carrier pigeon, and taught it how to fly and where to go. People call it instinct, but nobody knows what instinct is. God can put His own faithful spirit into you and me, so that we will go in the right way and do the right thing and be messengers of mercy to many hearts, and that same spirit will at last lead us on over the fair fields of life and over the dark, deep river of death until we come safely to our heavenly Father's Home.

XLIV

Fifty-Seven Pennies

SOME years ago in the great city of Philadelphia, a little girl came to a small Sunday-school and asked to be taken into one of the classes. The classes were all so full and the church was so small, that there seemed to be no room for her. She was very much disappointed, and although she was very poor she began to save her pennies so that the church might be built bigger, and that she and other poor little children might have a place to go to Sunday-school. She didn't tell any one what she was doing, and nobody knew she was saving the few pennies that were given to her until the pastor of that little church called at her bedside. She was very sick, oh, so sick, and after a little while God took her out of her sufferings, and after she had passed away they found under her pillow a little old red pocketbook and in it they found fifty-seven pennies that she had saved, and a little scrap of paper on which was written the reason why she had saved her pennies, and her great wish that she might help to build a

church where all little children might have a place. The pastor who conducted the funeral was a great, good man, and the story of that little pocketbook and those fifty-seven pennies got into the papers and the people read about it with tears in their eyes. It appealed to everybody. She was only a little girl, six and a half years old, and what could her fifty-seven pennies do? But people began to give the pastor of the little church money, and then more money and more money, and in six years those fifty-seven pennies had become \$250,000. To-day if you go to Philadelphia, you will see this little girl's picture hanging in the hall of Temple College, where over fourteen hundred students attend, and that college is connected with a great church called the Baptist Temple, which seats eight thousand people, and connected with that church is a hospital for children, called the Samaritan Hospital. There is also a Sunday-school building there which is so large that all the children who want to attend can come and are gladly welcomed.

This is the story of little Hattie May Wiatt and her fifty-seven pennies. Such a good story does not need any sermon.

XLV

A Little Prison Flower

THIS is the story of a little flower that grew in a prison cell a long, long time ago. It was a hundred years ago, and it happened in France. One would think a flower would not grow in a prison but it did, for this is a true story and, I think, a very pretty one. The Emperor of France at that time was the great Napoleon, and he had a great many friends and a great many enemies. He placed in prison many people who were not pleased at the way he did things, and left them there to suffer and sometimes to die.

One of these men who was put in the prison was a man whose name was Charney, and I suppose the emperor soon forgot all about him. He was a very wise man and a good scholar, but he didn't believe in God, and thought that God had forgotten all about him and so he could forget about God. You know when things go wrong with some people, they think God doesn't care for them any more. This man wrote on the walls of his prison cell the words: "All things come by

chance." He couldn't see that there was any God who cared for him, and so he thought that everything just happened.

One day when he was walking up and down in his cell, he saw a little tiny, green blade breaking through the ground. The ground was hard, but the little green blade had broken the ground quite near the wall and was trying to creep out into the light. He was very much interested in it, because it was the only living thing around, and he cared for it and watered it and by and by it began to grow. It became his little friend and teacher, and he wondered how it came there, and how it could be formed and made so very beautiful. After a while a flower came out, and it was white and purple and rose-coloured with a beautiful white fringe. The man began to think and think and wonder, and after a while thoughts of God came into his heart and he rubbed the words that he had written from the wall, and wrote there instead these words: "He who made all things is God." He felt happier after that, and began to think that if God could care for the little flower in the prison cell and make it so beautiful, He could care for him.

But that is not all of the story. There was another prisoner in that great prison who had

a little daughter who came often to see him. The little girl became acquainted with Charney, and found out about his love for the little flower, and each day when she came to see her father she visited the flower and its friend, and saw how kind he was to it. She told the wife of the jailer, and the story began to be told from one to another and at last it came to the ears of the emperor's wife, who was one of the most beautiful women in all the country. Her name was Josephine. When she heard the story, she said that surely the man who could so love a little flower could not be a bad man, and she persuaded Napoleon, the emperor, to allow him to have his liberty. Do you think he went home happy? Do you think he went home alone, or do you think he took the little flower home with him? Yes, he carried the flower home with him and planted it in his own garden, and cared for it very tenderly. It was his little teacher, for it had taught him to love God and to trust Him. I don't wonder that the little flower was able to teach the man about God. Jesus said:

"If God then so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven: shall He not much more clothe you, oh, ye of little faith?"

XLVI

The President and His Mother

I WONDER what you would be thinking about if to-morrow you were to be made President of the United States. I am going to tell you a story of one of our great presidents and what he thought about just before he was inaugurated.

He lived near Cleveland, and a few days before the great ceremony, he wrote to his old mother and said, "I want you to go to Washington with me." She was very much surprised, and after thinking it all over wrote to her son, of whom she was very proud, and said : "I cannot go to Washington. I would be quite out of place there among the great people whom you will meet. I'll stay at home and pray for you." He quickly sent back the answer, "I'll not go without you," and so together they travelled to the capital city. They went to the same hotel, and when the time came for the ceremony, they went out together, his mother leaning on his arm. They entered the carriage and drove to the Capitol, where a great crowd of over a hundred thousand people

was waiting. It was a gala occasion—the high platform and all the celebrated men from all over the country, governors, judges, and ministers and the great sea of white faces that were all turned to the one central place where he was. The people noticed that instead of taking the chair that was provided for him, he gave it to his mother. Then he delivered his inaugural address, and after he had taken the oath to be true to his high office and before he sat down he turned and put his arms around his mother and kissed her.

I wonder if you know who he was? He was one of our martyred presidents. His name was James A. Garfield. I think that was one of the most beautiful things he ever did, and I think all that great crowd of waiting people, after the din was over and they had gone to their own homes, thought so too. You know our mothers do for us far more than we can ever repay, and they are more interested in our success than perhaps we are ourselves. I hope none of you will ever get too big, or too old, or go too far away to forget your mother or to make her happy in your own happiness. I think it would be worth while to live in order to do just that.

XLVII

The Story of a Bell

WHAT do you think of Grosslaswitz as a name for a town? Well, that is the name of a little town far away in the north of Germany which is interesting because of a bell that hangs in the little church tower there. On that bell there is engraved a six-eared stock of corn and the date, October 15, 1729.

I want to tell you the story of that bell, for it is very interesting and very helpful. The old bell of the church could not be heard in the village, and you know those were the days when people were called to church by the bell, rather than by the clock. So they decided that they must have a new bell, but they were all very poor and they didn't know how they could give enough money to buy a bell. Everybody offered to give a little, but when they had put it all together it was not nearly enough to buy the new bell. One Sunday when he was going to church, the schoolmaster saw growing out of the wall of the churchyard a good, strong stock

of corn. You know sometimes old walls are decayed and have lots of earth about them, and perhaps this seed of corn had been dropped there by one of the birds. I know of a little tree that is growing on the top of a chimney in my mother's town in Scotland, and it has been there for fifty years. He was interested in the lonely corn-stalk, and began to think how it came there and what it would do. So every Sunday he watched it and watched it, and saw that it was growing beautifully and at last it had grown six well-formed ears of corn on the stalk. So he gathered them and put them away, and next year he sowed the seed. Then he gathered it again, and next year he sowed the seed. The next year he did the same, and the following year he had not enough room in his garden for all the corn, so he divided it among his friends, who went on sowing the corn until after eight years they had a crop so big that when it was sold they had enough money to buy the bell. And so the bell was bought, and the story of how it was secured was written on the bell, in the way I have told you, and also the date of the bell's birthday, October 15, 1729.

You can never guess how much can be done through very little things. If you don't

know the verses about little things, I will tell them to you, and that will be the sermon:

“ Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

“ Thus the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

“ Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the path of virtue
Off in sin to stray.

“ Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.”

XLVIII

A Palace of Beautiful Deeds

I WANT to tell you a story that has a beautiful lesson. It is not a really real story, but is something like a fairy story, though you know fairy stories, as well as true stories, can teach many wonderful and helpful lessons.

There lived in India long, long ago a great and very powerful king. He had lots and lots of money, and planned to build somewhere in the mountains a beautiful palace—more beautiful than any palace that was ever built, so that when he died the people would remember him and know that he must have been a very great man. So he sent his builder, whose name was Jakoob, and gave him all the money that would be needed to build this wonderful palace in the hills. Now, Jakoob was a very good and kind-hearted man, and when he came to the far-away place where he was to build the king's palace, he found the people of all that country without food, and many of them had died and many more were dying. So what do you think he did? Well, being a good man and

wanting to help these poor people, he spent all his own money and all the money the king had given him to build the great marble castle in feeding the hungry and in caring for the sick. By and by, the king came to see how Jakoob was getting on with his work, and found that not one stone had been laid for the building. He could not understand it, and when he found the builder he asked him the reason for his strange conduct. Jakoob told him the story of the poor and the sick and the hungry, and how he had fed them and cared for them until all his money was spent. The king was very, very angry, and said to him, "To-morrow thou shalt die," and he struck him with his sword and cast him into a dark prison. As he lay on his bed that night, the king dreamed a dream. You know God sometimes speaks to people in dreams, and that very night the king dreamed that he went to heaven, and they showed him there the most beautiful palace—oh, the most beautiful palace he had ever seen. It was far more beautiful than the palace that he had planned to build in the mountains. He asked the angels whose this palace was, and how it came to be there, and how it came to be so beautiful. So the angels said, "This is the beautiful

palace of beautiful deeds which was built for you by Jakoob, the wise builder. After all the buildings of earth have been destroyed, this one shall still be beautiful." Then the king understood that his servant had done far better with his money than he himself had planned.

You know Jesus Himself told us to lay up treasures in heaven, and this was what the angels meant when they showed the king how the good deeds done by his servant in healing the sick and in feeding the hungry and in caring for the poor, had prepared for him a far more beautiful palace than could have been made of silver or gold.

XLIX

“ I Gave Gold For Iron ”

THIS is a German story. It is a story about Frederick William III, the King of Prussia. It seems as if all the emperors of Germany were called either William or Frederick, or both names together.

Frederick William III was trying to make a great nation out of his country, and was carrying on great wars but hadn't enough money to do what he wanted to do. So he sat down to think how he could get money enough to carry out his plans. He could not stop, for if he did the enemy would soon come into his country, and that would mean greater distress than ever. What do you think he did? Well, he asked all the women in his country to help him. You say, “ Well, what could the women do? They couldn't ride horses, and fire pistols and load cannon and go out to war.” No, perhaps they couldn't do any of those things, but I'll tell you what they did. They brought their jewelry and their ornaments, their gold and their silver, and the king had all that they brought

melted and made into money. The king gave in return to each of the women who brought her jewelry to him a little ornament of brass or iron just like the gold or silver one that had been given to him. These brass and iron ornaments had written upon them the words: "I Gave Gold For Iron, 1813."

Don't you think that was a nice thing for women to do for their king? After a time the war came to an end and the women got other pieces of jewelry and ornaments, but as the years went by, these little iron ornaments, which the king had given them, were more and more prized, and it became very fashionable for those who had them to wear them. It was like wearing a medal which had been won for some great deed of valour, and in time it came to pass that there grew up in Germany what is called "The Order of the Iron Cross," the members of which wear no ornament except a cross of iron and give all the money they can spare to the help of others who are in great need.

I think that is a very beautiful story, but I know a still more wonderful story than that. It's about Jesus, our King. We did not give Him the gold and the silver, but we gave Him the brass and the iron, and He gave 

gold in return. We belong to “ The Order of the Golden Cross,” and we wear the ornament of the new life, which says, “ I Gave Iron For Gold.” To every boy and girl who gives up a poor, little, sinful life to the Lord Jesus, He gives back the great Golden Glory of His own wonderful Love, and that is the story that we love to tell :

“ I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His Glory,
Of Jesus and His Love.”

L

A Blacksmith's Boy

IT happened in the time of the Revolutionary War a long, long time ago. If it hadn't gotten into the papers and then into books, no one would ever have remembered it. It happened during the war that we celebrate on the Fourth of July—the War of Independence.

This boy about whom I want to tell you was a blacksmith's boy, a poor, lame boy who was very unhappy and very sad because he could not go off to the war. His companions had gone and he alone was left. He stood at the door of the blacksmith shop, and wondered what he was good for, with his lame foot and his poor crippled body. As he was standing there some soldiers rode up to the shop in a great hurry, and wanted to know if there was any one around who could put a shoe on a horse's foot. Luke, for that was the boy's name, quickly said: "I think I can." He had often helped his father shoe horses, and in a little while he had the shoe properly fixed on the horse's foot. When it was all

done and the men were ready to ride away, one of the men who was the leader said: "Boy, no ten men who have gone out to the war could have served their country as well as you have done to-day." If you take down your history you can read about Colonel Warner, who rode up just in time to save the Battle of Bennington, and then you can remember that it was his horse that the lame boy, Luke Varnum, shod that day when he was so unhappy because he too could not go to the war. If Colonel Warner's horse had not been shod that morning, a battle might have been lost.

You know there's a little jingle that we all say sometimes:

For want of the nail, the shoe was lost,
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost,
For want of the horse, the rider was lost,
For want of the rider, the battle was lost.
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost,
And all for the want of a horse's shoe nail.

Let us do the very little things that we can do, for without the little things the great things cannot be done. Perhaps there is something that God Himself will not be able to do unless some little boy does his part, and does it well.

LI

Keeping the Sabbath

I WONDER how many boys and girls think Sunday is the best day of the week? I wonder if there are any boys and girls who don't like when Sunday comes because they cannot do some of the things they do on other days? Sunday ought to be the happiest, sweetest day of all the week, and yet I think it ought not to be like other days. We ought not to read the same things we read on other days, or do the same things we do on other days, or sing the same songs we sing on other days, or play the same games we play on other days. I think it is good for us to make it a special day. Perhaps if you ask your fathers and mothers, they will tell you that in their day Sunday was a very dull day, and if you could ask your grandfathers and grandmothers, and great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, and great-great-grandfathers and great-great-grandmothers and great-great-great-grandfathers and great-great-great-grandmothers, perhaps they would tell you that Sunday was very, very dull for them when they were boys and girls.

The other day I came across some of the old laws about keeping the Sabbath and some other things, and perhaps you will feel when you read them that Sunday now is not the same as it used to be and that boys and girls have an easier time at Sunday-school and day-school than our great-great-great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers had. Here are some of those old laws :

“If a boy shall sing or whistle on the Lord’s Day, it is a fine of ten cents.

“If a boy shall throw a stone and break a window, it is a fine of nine cents.

“If a boy shall chase a girl, it is a fine of six cents.

“If a boy shall go to sleep in church, it is a fine of three cents, and the warden may cane him.

“If a boy shall throw stones at a neighbour’s dog, it is a fine of five cents, and his father shall whip him.

“If a boy steal apples or other fruit, his parents must pay twice the value thereof, and he may be sent to jail for two days.”

Whenever you think you are not treated right and have a hard time, think about the poor little boys and girls of those far-away days, in New England.

LII

She Saw the King

DID any of you ever see a real king? Not that kings are different from other people, but because they are kings we like to see them and are interested in them. Once I saw a real king—just once. I stood one day on a street corner in London, and saw King Edward VII pass along the street in his motor car. Many people didn't know who he was, and in a little while he was gone. Everybody wants to see a king, and especially his own people who honour him and love him.

I want to tell you how a poor woman once saw her king. Her king is the King of Italy. His name is Victor Emmanuel III. When the great earthquake happened in Southern Italy, he went to help the wounded and to care for the hungry and because of his kindness all the people love him and delight in him. When he came to his summer home at Racconigi, the people left their work and their houses and farms and vineyards to see him. At one of the farms everybody had

gone but one woman, who stayed at home to take care of the house and to milk the cows.

If any of you have lived on a farm, you will know what that means. While she was milking, a man came to her from over the fields and asked her for a drink of milk. He had been walking and was tired and very thirsty. The woman knew that very few people like fresh, new, warm milk, and so she said, "Wait a moment until I go into the house and get for you some milk that is cool and sweet." She returned with her gift of milk and cake for the stranger. "How is it," he asked, "that you are here all alone?" She was afraid just for a minute, but his smile satisfied her and she told him that her husband and children and the workers had gone to see the king. She did not understand why he laughed, but he laughed such a merry laugh that she knew he was pleased about something. "Gone to see the king," he said. "Well, not one of them will see him to-day." "And why not?" said the woman. "Because," said the stranger, "he is not there, for he is here." The woman thought he was joking, but when he put a gold coin into her hand she knew he was no beggar, and when he removed his hat to say "Thank you" she recognized his face and knew that

he was her king. Before she could say anything he was gone, but she had seen the king and was satisfied.

We, too, have a King. His name is Jesus. There is not one of us but would go hundreds of miles to look into His face, but I am wondering if we would know Him should we meet Him. The people that day in Italy thought their king was to be seen in the palace among the nobles and the great men of the nation, but he was out in the field alone on the farm, asking for a drink of milk. We, too, think that our King is far away in heaven, and perhaps some of us think He is on a throne in the city of gold, but He is not there—He is here—among the poor and the rich and the sick and the strong, and the little children, and the men and the women, who are hard at work in the battle of life, and when we do anything for them, we do it for Him. Be sure you don't miss Him when He comes. When He came to Bethlehem on that first Christmas morning, there was no room for Him. No one knew Him, and no one understood.

LIII

What is Love?

HERE is a real Sunday-school story. The teacher was trying to tell the children about Jesus and of His love for them and their love for Him, and like a good, sensible teacher—just like one of our own Fullerton Avenue Sunday-school teachers—she was anxious to go behind the empty words and get at their real meaning. So she asked some simple but hard questions: “What does it mean for us to love Jesus? How can we love Him when we cannot see Him? How do we love anybody? What is love?” Now, you know those are hard questions. Some of our young men and young women, and some of our old bachelors, and even some of our married men and women could not give a very satisfactory answer to the question as to what love is. They might go to the dictionary and find that it was some “affection of the heart,” but, goodness me, that is not love. Again, the teacher asked, “What do we do when we love somebody real well?” They were very little children, and they were all quite puzzled and were unable to answer even that simple

question, until one little lady about six years old, without saying anything, rose from her seat and put her arms around her teacher's neck, and kissing her, said : " That's what I call love." Well, the teacher thought so too, but she was a very wise teacher, and said : " Is there any other way to love people?" " Oh, yes," said the little girl, who had now gained confidence and had forgotten about herself. Then she began to put the chairs in order and to gather up the books and the papers and to put them neatly in their places. " We love people," she said, " by helping them." " Yes," said the teacher, " and which way do you think is the best way?" The teacher, who was very wise, said that both ways were good and that we could love Jesus in those two ways. We could tell Him that we love Him, and we do that when we pray, and when we sing, " My Jesus, I Love Thee," " I Love to Tell the Story," " There's a Friend for Little Children," or any of our beautiful hymns that speak of the love of Jesus for us and of our love for Him. Then, we can do more than tell Him of our love : we can show our love for Him by doing the things He wishes us to do. For if we love Him, we will keep His commandments.

LIV

Only One Door

HOW many of you ever heard of Isaac Newton—Sir Isaac Newton? He lived about two hundred years ago, and was a very, very learned man. He told the world how the stars and the sun and the moon and the earth and the planets hang together, and circle around through the heavens. He found out his great secret, we are told, when he was sitting under an apple tree one day and saw an apple fall from the tree to the ground. He thought about it and thought about it and thought about it, and wondered and wondered and wondered, until at last he thought out some great things about God and His world.

But, although he was very wise and very great, he was sometimes very, very foolish. The wisest men are often the most foolish. They say that he had two cats, or rather one mother cat and a dear little kitten. He was very fond of them, and they used to come to the door of his study and meow-meow-meow, and scratch and call until he would

rise and open the door and let them in. He grew tired of always being disturbed, and so he called a man and told him to have two holes cut in the door, one for the mother cat and a smaller one for the dear little kitten. Do you see how foolish he was? And you don't wonder, do you, that the carpenter laughed and told the great man that the cat and the kitten could both go in through the same hole? Of course, where the cat could go the kitten could follow, and so the one opening was made and the cat and the kitten and the great man were all happy.

There is only one door into the kingdom of heaven, just one. Jesus said, "I am the Door." Some wise people are foolish enough to think there is more than one. They don't say so, perhaps, but they act as if they believed that there was one door for the rich and another for the poor, one for the black man and one for the white man, one for the good and one for the very bad, but there is just one door. "By Me," said Jesus, "if any man enter in, he shall be saved." And this is the strange thing about it: the big door was needed for the cat and the kitten, but into the kingdom of heaven only the small one is needed. Listen to this: "Except ye be converted and become as little

children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." A big man can only go in by getting down on his knees. A little child can enter in just as he is. It is so much easier to be a Christian when one is young.

"Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will ;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill ;
Blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us,
Love us still."

LV

God's Love for Us

YOU never know what little children are going to say. The other day I asked my own little girl, half-teasingly, whom she loved best, expecting, of course, that she would flatter me with her choice, but she surprised me very delightfully by saying, "I love Jesus best."

A little girl of whom I was reading, and who also was being teased about her preference, was asked by her father how much she loved him. She put her arms around his neck, and said: "I love you up to the sky and along to the end of the world, and then down again." I have not forgotten her words about her great love, and have often thought about them. Her way of telling her love sounds like the story of God's great love for us, only it is just a little different. God's love for us was down from the sky and along to the end of the world, and then back again. Is it not so? Is not that the story of the life and love of Jesus, who left His wonderful Glory-world and came into our world of sin

and darkness, and loved us and lived for us
and died for us and carried us back in His
own great heart to God and heaven ?

“ Oh ! 'Twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me ;
That sent my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.”

LVI

Good Money, but No Good

THE other day I had to do some buying from the United States government. I wonder how many of you know that the United States keeps a store and sells things? I wanted to buy a book—not a very big book—just a little booklet, and so I wrote about it and they sent back a letter that had no stamp on it. What do you think of that? A letter that had no stamp on it, and the letter told me how much money to send and how to send it, and what kind of money.

What kind of money? Why, United States money, of course. I was to send no German money, and no English money, and no French money, and no Chinese money, and no checks, but just good, plain American money. They also told me that I was not to send them any United States stamps. That seemed very queer to me, for stamps are just as good as money, and one would think that a United States store would take United States stamps. Even after they had said all that, they told me that I was to

send them no "smooth" money, or, as they put it, no money that had been handled until it was "slick," that is, until the figures and the face were worn off.

I thought that was very strange. Why would the United States not take its very own money? Why would it not honour its own gold? Is not that strange? It expects other people to use its old dimes and nickels and quarters, but it won't have anything to do with them itself. I do not understand that. I should think it would be just the thing, to have the people send in their old money so that it might be melted over and made into bright new coin. But no, they said that old money "positively will not be accepted." Since I got that letter, I have been thinking a good deal about it. That is not the way God does with the things He makes. When they are old and broken and spoiled, God makes them over again. The Bible tells us that He made us in His own image. The United States puts its stamp upon its money, and God puts His stamp upon our souls. We are made like Him—pure, and holy, and immortal. Of course, we do with our lives just as we do with our money. We wear off the brightness and we destroy the image. But it does not

matter how shapeless, or how defaced our lives may be, God will take them if we will give them to Him, and He will make them over again, pure and bright and beautiful. Jesus came to make the souls of men whole again. That's what the Gospel means. It's good news. That's why they call His name Jesus, because He came to save His people and to make all things new again. Did you ever think of the "new" things Jesus promises to give us? Here are some of them : He will put a new song in our mouth. He will give us a new name. He will make with us a new covenant. He will put within us a new spirit. He will give us a new heart and a new commandment. He will open for our feet a new and a living way. Indeed, He will make a new heaven and a new earth, and will make us new creatures.

LVII

The Little Missionary

HIS name was Jhwain. He was the son of a wicked Chinaman. His father's name was Jhwain Das. They lived together in China, and the father was a highwayman, and a thief, and a robber, and a very bad man. It happened that little Jhwain went to the mission station, and there he learned to read. His father wanted him to read, but cared nothing at all about the Gospel, or about missionaries. Yes, he did care—he cared enough to steal from them and rob them, and one night out in the darkness away from the city he caught the missionary teacher and robbed him of his money and his clothes and the books he was carrying, and took them all home and hid them away. The books were forgotten for a long while, until one day the little boy wanted something more to read, and the father remembered the stolen books and went and brought one of them. The little fellow opened it, and it happened to be a Bible. Indeed, all the books that were stolen were Bibles. Don't

you think those were strange things to steal? People do steal Bibles, though. I preached in a church once where the pulpit Bible was stolen, and we never were able to find out who was the thief. I hope he will read it, and perhaps learn to do better. So it happened with the father of little Jhwain. The boy opened the book, and the first place he read was over in Numbers, at the thirty-second chapter. He read the words we all know, "Be sure your sin will find you out." When the father heard them, he was afraid and trembled and told the boy not to read any more. When he was alone, the robber opened the book again and it opened at the same place. You know how books have a habit of always opening at the same place.

He was very much afraid, and closed the book and put it away. The next day he opened it again, but made sure that it did not open at the same place. This time it opened not in the Old Testament, but in the New Testament, and there he read about Jesus, who came to save from sin. He read the story again and again, and at last went with all the stolen things to the mission and confessed his sin, and there he found help and forgiveness. For many days he went with his little boy and learned about the Gospel

and about the heavenly Father, and at last was baptized and became a preacher to his own people. He died only a few weeks ago, and the wonderful story of his life was told in the missionary papers. He was a member of the Methodist Mission at Badaon, and all who knew him learned to love and trust him.

There are two things about this story that make up the sermon. The first is about the wonderful way God uses a little child to lead fathers into the kingdom of God. The Bible says "a little child shall lead them," and boys and girls ought to remember that they are in their own way the best ministers and missionaries that God has. The second thing is that when we read the Bible, you and I should always read the Old Testament and the New Testament together. The Old Testament tells us about sin, and the New Testament tells us about salvation. The Old Testament says, "Be sure your sin will find you out": the New Testament tells us the same thing, but tells us that His name is called Jesus because He saves His people from their sins.

LVIII

The Little Peacemaker

HER name was Louise, and she was just as pretty and just as sweet as the sweet and beautiful queen who had the same name. One evening, after she had been washed and dressed and had said her prayer and been tucked into bed and been kissed by her mother, just as all sweet and beautiful little girls and boys are, no matter what their names, she said: "I was a peacemaker to-day, mamma." "A what, dear?" said her mother, who had never heard her use that big word before. "A peacemaker," said Louise. "You know what that means, mamma, don't you? It means a peacemaker, just a peacemaker, you know." "But how were you a peacemaker, Louise? I didn't know you were where there was any quarrelling. You know I don't like you to be with children who fight and quarrel and are naughty." "Oh! It was not anything like that," said Louise. "It was just that I knew something and didn't tell it." Then, of course, her mother knew that her little

daughter had heard some mean, naughty, ugly story about one of her little friends and had kept it to herself and told no one. Her mother, I feel sure, kissed her a second time and whispered in her ear those words of Jesus about the peacemakers: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." In this same beautiful way, you and I, like little Louise, can be peacemakers. We can stop bad stories by not telling them. We can kill bad thoughts by not thinking them. We can bury bad feelings by hiding them away out of sight. We can be silent about the bad, and think and speak and feel only about the good.

"Somebody did a golden deed :
Somebody proved a friend in need :
Somebody sang a beautiful song :
Somebody smiled the whole day long ;
Somebody thought ' 'tis sweet to live ' :
Somebody said, ' I'm glad to give ' :
Somebody fought a brave, good fight :
Somebody loved to help the right :
Was that somebody you ? "

LIX

Bobbie Higgins

HE was a cripple boy. Bobbie Higgins was his name. He lived with his mother in one of the larger towns of Ohio, and everybody knew him. Not very long ago Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander were holding meetings in that town, and Bobbie became interested. He liked the bright music and the bright lights, and every night he was there on the front seat. He went to church more that week than he had ever gone before in his life, for he just knocked about the streets and inquired into everything that was going on, and knew everything that had happened, or that was going to happen.

One night something happened that he did not expect. It happened so strangely, and so quickly and so silently that Bobbie Higgins was the most surprised boy in the world after he knew about it. What do you think happened? Let me tell you. The dear Lord Jesus came into his heart, and so loved him and so won him that little crippled

Bobbie Higgins became a firm friend of Jesus and was glad to call himself a Christian.

You know that when a boy loves Jesus and calls himself a Christian and is a friend of Jesus, there are some things he used to do which he does not want to do again, and Bobbie Higgins found that out. Next Sunday there was to be a baseball game in the town, and of course Bobbie had planned to go. He had arranged to go before Jesus and he became friends. Sunday came, and great crowds went to the ball ground, and the street-cars were crowded with men and women coming home from the game. They were talking and laughing and noisy, and had forgotten all about it being God's holy day. At one of the corners Bobbie Higgins got on the car, and the conductor, who knew him, called out to him, "Well, Bobbie, what was the score?" Bobbie answered up in his usual bright, happy manner, "Five to two, but I wasn't there. You know I'm a Christian now." The men did not talk quite so loud, and the women did not laugh so much after that, and one or two heard the conductor, when he took Bobbie's nickel, say to him: "Stick to it, Bobbie, and you will be better for it." What a sermon Bobbie Higgins preached that Sunday afternoon in

the street-cars in that Ohio city of Dayton ! I wish I could preach like that. I wish I had ■ hundred boys in my church who could preach like that. It puts some of us men to shame when a little cripple boy is not ashamed to tell a crowded street-car that he is a Christian. We take off our hats to him, and give three cheers for Bobbie Higgins.

LX

The Picture That Is To Be

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE—that's his name. None of you know him perhaps. He is not a boy ; he is a man, and he lives in New York City. He is a great painter, one of the great painters of the world. He has painted some wonderful pictures, and every one is interested in men and women, and boys and girls who can do wonderful things.

One day a friend was in his studio, and was looking around at the many beautiful paintings that were there and his curiosity got the better of him. People say that only little boys and big girls are filled with curiosity, but I know lots of little women and big men who are just as curious as Helen's Babies ever were. They were the children, you know, who always wanted "to see the wheels go 'round." This friend—a grown-up man—was curious, and asked Mr. Chase which of all the paintings he had finished was the best. The great painter took his friend to the other side of the room and showed him

a large piece of white canvas stretched in a beautiful frame, and said: "That is my best work." What do you think he meant? There was no picture there. No brush had ever touched that white canvas, but his friend understood, and I am sure you understand. The great artist meant that the picture which was to be, but was not yet painted, which was in his heart and mind and was seen only as a beautiful image, but which one day would be put upon the canvas, would be his masterpiece. Turning to his friend, he said, "I am sorry I cannot show you that picture. I am always trying, but it still creeps ahead of me. I have painted it there in my mind a thousand times, and some day perhaps I will be able to paint it as I see it."

All of us, and especially the boys and girls, ought to have always before us this unpainted white canvas upon which we expect to put our very best. It was a great, good man, Robert Browning, who said :

" Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be ;
The last of life for which the first was made."

Life's best always ought to be in the future, for God and heaven lie on before us. The

white canvas and the new page always call for the best we have. Boys and girls who are now painting and writing on the white canvas and the white paper of their first years, ought to be careful that they put there only their very best. It was another great, good man, James Russell Lowell, who said :

“ Life is a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night ;
Though thou have time
But for a line—be that sublime,
Not failure, but low aim is crime.”

LXI

The Prince and His Garden

THIS is a fairy story, but I think it is true. You know I told you once that fairy stories are the truest kind of stories, for they tell us of the things that really are and of the things that ought to be. This story is about a beautiful prince who lived in a most wonderful palace, near which was the largest and most beautiful garden that was ever seen. One day, as he was walking through the garden, he came to the orange trees, and looking up into their blossoming branches, he said: "Orange trees, what are you doing for your prince?" "Oh," said the orange trees, "we are blooming as beautifully as we can for our prince, and by and by when our blossoms have budded and our fruit is ripe, it will be carried into the palace for the prince's table." "My blessing upon the orange trees," said the prince. Coming to the great, spreading chestnut trees and looking up into their waving branches, the prince said: "Chestnut trees, what are you doing for your prince?" "Oh," said the chestnut trees, "when the

days are warm and the sun is hot, we spread out our branches and our great fan-like leaves, and under them your cattle and sheep have shade and shelter." "My blessing upon the chestnut trees," said the prince. Walking out into the meadow, the prince looked down into the luscious grass, and said: "Meadow grass, what are you doing for your prince?" "Oh," said the meadow grass, "I am growing greener and sweeter, and some day your men will come with their sharp sickles and will cut me down close to the ground, and I will be carried away into your stables for the beautiful horses that draw the royal carriages." "My blessing upon the meadow grass," said the prince. As he turned to go, he saw looking up through the meadow grass a tiny little white daisy, and stooping to look into its pale, white face, the prince said: "Little daisy, what are you doing for your prince?" Then the little meadow daisy hung its head low, and whispered: "Nothing, nothing, nothing, at all. I cannot give fruit for the prince's table, or shade for the prince's cattle, or food for the prince's horses. I am only a little meadow flower, and they don't want me in the grass, or in the field. All I can do is to be the best little daisy possible, and that is all." When the

prince heard these beautiful words, he knelt down in the meadow grass and kissed the little flower, and said : " My best blessing upon the little daisy, for in all the garden there is nothing that is better than it."

We, too, have a Prince who visits His garden and goes about from one to another, from fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and neighbours and friends, and boys and girls—big boys and big girls, and little boys and little girls,—and asks each one what he is doing for his Prince. I feel sure I know which He likes best. I think He does just what the beautiful prince in the story did. He stoops down and kisses the faces of the children who are doing nothing but smiling and being sweet and happy and humble all day long, and He says : " In all My garden there is none sweeter than a little child." Jesus loves the children best of all.

" A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it."

LXII

A Wise Little Girl

I WANT you to listen to this story very carefully. It is hardly a story, and it is scarcely a sermon. I hardly know what to call it, and for want of a name I will not call it anything, but will just tell it to you. But before I tell it, I want to ask you a question. How many of you boys and girls have been told that God loves you when you are good? Yes, all of you have been told that, and of course that is true. God loves us when we are kind and good and true; but what about the days and the hours and the minutes when we are not good and kind and true? Does God love us then? Now, this is the story: A little girl about six years old, after she had said her own little prayer—the same prayer that she had said over and over again until she could say it after her eyes had closed and she was nearly off into the land of dreams and delights—was told by her mother one night that she might say anything she wished to God, and might make up a prayer of her own if she wished. So the next night, after

she had said her prayer, her mother was surprised to hear her say,—even after she had said the Amen, “Dear Jesus, love me when I’m naughty.” Don’t you think that was a strange thing for her to say? Some of you are smiling about it, and yet was she not a wise little girl, and don’t you think her new prayer was the very best prayer possible?

Our fathers and mothers do not stop loving us when we are naughty, and God loves us better than any one in all the world could love us. I think if I were to repeat it to you, you would know the meaning of the wonderful verse in the Bible that says, “While we were yet sinners Christ died for us.” I think you understand it, and it tells you better than I could ever hope to tell you that God always loves us, when we are bad and when we are good. Of course, He does not love us because we are bad, but He loves us just because He does love us, and when we love Him we will try to live so that we will be well pleasing in His sight. There is music in the words, and I know you will understand them, at least the last two lines :

“I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

LXIII

Sweeter Than Honey

AWAY over in Egypt when men dig in the ground, they often discover very strange and interesting things. Many, many years ago there were great cities and buildings and palaces in Egypt, which are there no longer. You know cities and palaces and temples and towers die like people and perish, and are buried in the ground and forgotten, and now when men dig down deep they sometimes find those old cities and temples and houses and books and furniture. Not long ago some men were digging in one of these old buried cities, and in a tomb away down in the ground they found a sealed jar—a stone jar. It was quite heavy, and the workmen knew there must be something in it, and there was. What do you suppose was in it? Water? No. Milk? No. Oil? No. Vinegar? No. Molasses? No. Honey? Yes—pure, sweet, beautiful honey, as pure and as sweet as the day it was made by the Egyptian bees

four thousand years ago. Think of that—four thousand years ago. Is that not wonderful? It had kept pure and sweet and beautiful in its deep, dark home for four thousand long years!

There are other things that keep their sweetness and purity and freshness just like honey. Listen; God says in the Bible that His law and His words are "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," and we know that this is true. Did you ever hear a sweeter word or one that has kept its sweetness longer than this, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"? And, then too, God also tells us in the Bible that "pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul." We do not wonder that God's words are sweet like honey, but we are surprised into delight to think He would say that our words may be so sweet and pleasant, so helpful and loving, that they too like honey will keep for years and years. Let us try to speak such beautiful words that long, long afterwards in the hearts of those to whom they are spoken they may be found again. Perhaps you know the verses about the arrow and the song. They were written by Longfellow. Every boy and girl ought to know them and remember them. Here they are:

- “ I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where ;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
- “ I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song ?
- “ Long, long afterward in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke ;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.”

LXIV

Boys Who Are Brave

THERE are three kinds of brave boys—no, four, but the fourth kind is not found in the story, and I must tell it last for it belongs to the sermon.

At school one day the teacher asked the boys of the class to tell her what bravery was, and a little lad whose name was just plain John told her that real bravery was a pretty hard thing to find. "Some boys," he said, "*is* brave because they always plays with little boys, and some boys *is* brave because their legs is too short to run away, but most boys *is* brave because somebody is looking." Don't you think he was a pretty smart boy to say that, even although his English is not extra good, and although he made some bad mistakes in grammar? Let us see: First of all, some boys are brave because they always play with little boys. That's true, but those boys are not brave. They are "brags." You know what a "brag" is. You know what animal it is that brays—it's a donkey. Well, to brag is just to bray.

In the second place, some boys are brave because their legs are too short for them to run away. These boys are really not brave boys at all, for if they could they would run away. They are just cowards with short legs. They are the kind of soldiers who get shot in the back, and God has no armour for people's backs. Boys of the third class are brave because somebody is looking and watching them. Most of us, both men and boys, belong in this class,—boys and men who play ball and watch the grand stand, children and grown-ups who work only when some one is watching. David fights Goliath when the armies on both sides are looking at him. Anybody could fight a giant when a great crowd is watching, and yet David was really brave, for when no one was watching, when he was alone in the wilderness without a sword or a spear and with none to help or hear his call, he fought with a lion and a bear and slew them. Perhaps, after all, when we think of it, he was not alone, for God was looking and God was helping him, and it may be that John was right, and that there are only three kinds of bravery and not four. I was going to say, when I started to tell the story, that the fourth kind of bravery is when a boy is brave and no one is near to watch

him or see him, but, after all, the best bravery comes to us because some one is looking. Our friends are looking, our fathers and mothers are looking, our teachers and companions are looking, and then of course we are always sure that Jesus is looking, and expects us to do our best, "to fight the good fight " and to be good soldiers of our King.

LXV

A Little Boy and an Old Lady

I HEARD a story the other day about a little boy who always went to church and who never forgot to take his collection with him. He was a member of the church and felt that he was part of it, and so he had his envelope for his weekly offering just as his father had, and he never would go to church unless he had it with him.

One day when his father and mother were absent he went to church alone, but not without his offering. He had it in his little white envelope, which he carried in his pocket. That morning a strange lady sat at the head of the seat in the same pew, and when the time came for the offering to be given she looked in her bag and found that she had no money with her. She didn't seem to be troubled about it, but the little boy was greatly troubled and wondered what she would do when the men came with the plates to receive the offering and she had none to give. You see he had formed the habit of giving and enjoyed it and wondered how anybody could go to

church without a gift. Well, he got **more** troubled and anxious and nervous the nearer and nearer the ushers came with the collection plates, and when they came to the seat in front of the one where he was sitting he held out his little white envelope to the strange lady, and said to her: "Here. You take this and put it in the plate, and I'll get under the seat. I'm small and they won't see me." That boy had formed **a** habit of giving and when he grows to be a man it will be part of his life and part of his religion to give his gifts unto the Lord. I think that every boy, no matter how small, ought to give some of his money—however little it may be—to God.

LXVI

Only a Boy

I WANT to tell you a story about a boy and a preacher. The boy's name was Robert, but I don't know that I ever heard the preacher's name. You know preachers are soon forgotten, but some of the boys they help make into men are often remembered.

This boy lived in Scotland. When he was a little lad he gave his heart to Jesus, and although he seemed too young to join the church, his pastor encouraged him and he openly confessed that Jesus was his Saviour. He was the only one during all that year who united with the church. He was only a boy and the officers of the church thought that their pastor was not succeeding very well, and one of them came to him before the morning service and told him that there must be something wrong about his preaching, for only one person during a whole year had made a confession of Christ, and that one was only a boy.

You can guess with what a heavy heart the poor minister preached that morning and

how before he closed his sermon the tears were in his eyes, and he was wishing that his work was done and his preaching at an end. After the service he stayed in the church alone, when every one was gone, thinking over his ministry and wondering why he had failed so sadly. He did not notice the door open and a little boy come timidly up the aisle, and he was startled when he felt a little hand touch his. "Well, Robert," said the minister, "what are you doing here?" The boy hesitated, but at last said, "Do you think if I were willing to work hard I could become a preacher?" "A preacher!" said the minister. "Yes," said the boy. "Perhaps a missionary." There was a long silence, and then the old minister through his tears said: "May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you can become a preacher."

Years passed away, and the boy grew to manhood and became a preacher, and, after the wish of his own heart, became a missionary, and went down into South Africa and laboured long and well among the black people of that dark continent, winning hundreds of them to the Gospel of Jesus and bringing in a new day for that dark land. To-day everybody knows the name of Robert

Moffatt, who gave his heart to Jesus under the ministry of a man who thought his life was a failure.

I would rather win one boy for the gospel ministry than to win the greatest success in life. Perhaps some boy here will think about it.

LXVII

Worth Twelve Hundred Dollars

MY story for you this morning is about a little slave girl. She was twelve or thirteen years old. Not a white girl, but a little black girl with dark eyes and dark face and dark, kinky hair. It was during the war days about fifty years ago, when some people used to sell girls and boys and men and women just as cattle and sheep and pigs and chickens are sold nowadays.

This little girl had been sold into slavery and taken to the beautiful city of Brooklyn. In that city there was a very great preacher, a man whom everybody loved, and he was very angry with the people who bought and sold men and women and little children. Somehow or other he heard about this little black girl, and without telling anybody what he was going to do, just before he preached his sermon one Sunday morning, he brought her up into the pulpit and stood her on a chair where everybody could see her. He said she was worth twelve hundred dol-

lars, and then he sat down. You know, of course, what he meant. He meant that if he could get twelve hundred dollars he could give it to the man who owned her and then she would be free. Just think what that means! She was a slave, and not until the money was paid could she be free. When Mr. Beecher sat down, the officers of the church arose and began to take up the collection right away. Men put all the money they had in the plates, women took off their jewelry and put it there also, and two men said that if there was not enough money in the collection plates they would make up the balance. Then she was free! Don't you think she was happy? You know all the black boys and girls in our country who were slaves were made free after the great war when brave men and women gave their money and their lives to make them free. Whenever you see a coloured boy or girl, think what it cost to give them freedom, and think how glad we all ought to be that there is no more slavery.

Remember too that there is another kind of slavery—the slavery of sin, and that it is worse than the old time slavery. Jesus gave Himself for us that we might be free, and we read in the Bible that we have been bought with a price, “Not with silver or

gold," for Jesus Himself loved **us** and gave Himself for us. He has bought us from sin and selfishness and made us free—free to do right and free to be pure and true and kind.

LXVIII

The King's Horses

EVERY one, I am sure, has heard about "the king's horses." I am not so sure that every one has heard of the king and the horses about which I am going to tell. First, I must tell you the story and then I shall have to preach the sermon. But just a little bit of a sermon.

It was far away over the sea in the country called Sweden, where there are beautiful hills and splendid steep roads and cozy little towns nestling in the hillsides. You know, perhaps, that when the horses get tired in those old countries where they still travel over the high hills and through the deep valleys in stage-coaches, the driver stops at a wayside inn or tavern and changes for fresh horses, and so drives faster because he does not need to wait until the horses rest. One day a purse-proud old nobleman stopped at a little inn, and seeing the landlord, called out in a gruff, harsh voice, "Horses, landlord; horses at once." The landlord said he was sorry he had no fresh horses, and that the nobleman

would have to wait until the horses rested. Just then a fine pair of beautiful fresh horses were brought out of the stable and hitched to a carriage in which a quiet little gentleman was waiting. "For whom are those horses?" said the nobleman in surprise. "I thought you said there were no fresh horses here." The landlord said they had been ordered by the gentleman in the carriage who was now getting ready to start. Then the pompous old nobleman called out to the slim, silent man in the other carriage, "Say, my man, let me have those horses and I will pay you well for them!" The man replied that he needed them himself and was ready to start.

The nobleman was angry and spoke sharply, "Perhaps you don't know who I am. I am Field Marshall Baron George Sparre, the last and only one of my race." Then the other gentleman spoke, and I think there was a smile on his fine face as he said, "I am glad of that. It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you! I am inclined to think your race will be a foot race." In another moment the strange gentleman was gone. When he had departed, the landlord turned to the proud old nobleman and said, "There goes the King of Sweden." He had been speaking to his own king, and

you can guess how he felt. Now comes the sermon :

First. Don't judge by appearances.

Second. Don't judge by what people say about themselves.

Third. Keep sweet. Be kind. Remember that you, too, have a King.

LXIX

Thomas Edison and Theodore

EVERY boy and girl knows who Thomas Edison is. They know that he is the man who works so much with electricity. It was he who made the talking machines and so many other interesting things. He was once a very poor boy, but is now one of the most wonderful men in the world.

His work was so hard and so difficult that he used to work every day in the week, Sunday the same as Monday, because some of his inventions seemed to require that he should work with them every day. But he works on Sunday no longer, and I want to tell you the reason. He has a little boy named Theodore. One day Theodore and his mother were coming down the street on their way to the Baptist Church at Llewellyn in New Jersey, and little Theodore, instead of going on with his mother as usual, went into the building with his father and began to work at his own little experiments. Mr. Edison watched him for a while, and then said to him, "You must not work on Sunday,

Teddy." The boy lifted his bright eyes to his father's, and quick as a flash said: "But you work on Sunday, father." Teddy's mother had been waiting on him to go with her to church, expecting to leave his father at his work, but when Teddy said those words his father began to think and to say to himself, "Yes, that's so. I do work on Sunday, and if I work on Sunday of course I can't tell Teddy not to work, so I guess I'd better quit." So Mr. Edison put away his green bottles and his tall jars and his copper wire, and went off to church with his wife and little son, and from that day to this the door of the workshop remains closed on Sunday.

Now, I hardly know what kind of a sermon to preach from this story. It looks as if it might be a sermon to some fathers who expect their children to go to church and Sunday-school while they stay at home, or go to work. Perhaps, too, it is a sermon to little boys and girls to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; and perhaps also it is a sermon as to the way in which a little child may preach a really great sermon. I don't know which would be the best sermon, and so I'm just going to leave you to choose the one you yourself think is best.

LXX

The Wonder Ball (*A Christmas Story*)

THEY tell us that over in Germany the mothers and grandmothers have a beautiful way of giving a Christmas gift to the children who are dearly loved. It is called a "Wonder Ball," and if I remember rightly, the story of the "Wonder Ball" is something like this: On Christmas morning the girls in the home are presented with a very large, uneven ball of yarn. It is bigger and heavier than an ordinary ball of yarn, but it looks like yarn and it is yarn—and perhaps something more. The girls are supposed to knit the yarn into beautiful, soft, warm mittens or stockings for the cold days of winter, but they must not unwind any of the yarn until it is used up in the knitting. Well, you may be sure they quickly get to work, and their fingers fly fast and soon the yarn is being unwound and the mittens and stockings are being made; and then suddenly something is seen that is not yarn, and when it is freed from the ball and unwrapped from its paper covering it is found

to be something beautiful which mother has placed there for her little girl. Perhaps it is a brooch, or a thimble. And then the knitting goes on and something else is discovered—perhaps a locket or a pin. Then something else and something else and the great ball grows more and more interesting and magical as it becomes smaller. So you see the work of knitting is all play and full of surprise until the last wind of the ball is free, and lo! in the very centre of the ball there is some little thing—perhaps a ring, something that the little lady wanted most of all—and she is so glad. Now you see why it is called a “Wonder Ball.” And as the weeks and the years were unwound in the history of the world there were many beautiful things found in the great ball, which is made up of the world’s years—and then in the very heart of it—on Christmas Day—the first Christmas Day—what a discovery was made! There in the very centre of everything we found Jesus. And when God made your little life and mine, He made it just like the “Wonder Ball,” and while we work away at our tasks—at the very end, when the work is all done—we will find something which God put there Himself, and it will be the very thing we wanted most.

LXXI

Garibaldi and the Lost Lamb

DID you ever hear the name of Garibaldi? Do you know anything about him? Some day when you visit Lincoln Park, Chicago, you can see a beautiful statue of him on a little hillside looking out over the lake.

Garibaldi was one of the greatest soldiers and leaders of men that the world has ever known. He was known as "the man with the red shirt," because he always dressed in a red flannel shirt and of course looked very rough and somewhat untidy; but he had a tender heart just the same, as this story I am going to tell you will show. It was he who helped Italy to become a free nation. One evening while he was in camp with his soldiers, a shepherd who had lost a lamb out of his flock came into the camp in great distress because he could not find it. Garibaldi, the great soldier, was much interested in the poor shepherd and in the poor lost lamb, and ordered some of his soldiers to search through the mountains and hills and help the shepherd find the lost lamb. The darkness was coming

on, but lanterns were lighted and a great many soldiers turned out for the search. It was quite a new thing for them to hunt for a lost lamb, and they were glad of the change and sought up and down and all around wherever they thought the little lamb might be found; but it was all in vain, and one by one the soldiers came back to camp, put out their lights and went to bed. Next morning when the servant of the general went to attend to the wants of his master, he found him asleep in bed. That was a strange thing for him, for he was usually up earlier than any one else; but remembering that Garibaldi too had searched for the lost lamb in the night, he knew he would be tired and so thought it best not to wake him. But before he left the tent, he walked over to the bed, and what do you think he saw there in the bed with his general? Now, what do you think he saw? I wonder if you could guess? Well, he saw a little lamb! It was the little lost lamb, and Garibaldi, the great general of Italy, had kept up the search through the long hours of darkness after the soldiers had failed, and had found it, and had brought it home safely in his arms, and it had slept with him in his own bed.

I think any man who could love a little

lamb like that could not be anything but a good man. Now there is a story in the Bible something like that story. It tells us of the Good Shepherd who went out to find a little lost lamb that had wandered into the mountains, and He searched for it until He found it, and when He found it He put it on His shoulders and brought it home rejoicing, saying : "Rejoice with Me. I have found the sheep that was lost." Jesus is our Shepherd. If we wander away from Him, He seeks us until He finds us. There's a hymn we sometimes sing, which tells the same story :

" The shepherd sought his sheep,
The father sought his child ;
He followed me o'er field and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone,
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one."

LXXII

An Easter Story

EASTER DAY is the happiest day in all the year. Perhaps you think Christmas Day is the happiest day, but I think when you grow older you will think that Easter Day is the best day of all the year.

I am going to tell you an Easter story.

It happened over a hundred years ago. It was in a country in Europe called Austria, in a very little town called Feldkirch. It was during the time when that great general Napoleon was carrying on his dreadful wars, and one of his generals, whose name was Massena, came one Easter Eve to capture the little town, and he came with over eighteen thousand men. When the sun rose the people of the little village could see the light gleaming on the weapons of the soldiers, as they were scattered on the hillside. The men of the town decided that it was useless for them to fight or to try to defend their town, and agreed that it would be best to allow the soldiers to enter and then ask for mercy at their hands. After they had so decided, the

minister of the little church stood up and said : "This is Easter Day. It is the day of the Lord's resurrection. It is a day for joy, and not for sorrow. Let the bells of the church ring and let us have our service as usual, and perhaps God will help us if we will trust Him." Some of the people, I suppose, laughed at what the minister said, but at last they agreed that the church service should be held, and so the bells began to ring out their glad music to tell all the people that it was Easter Day. The soldiers couldn't understand what it all meant. They saw the people going through the streets of the town on their way to the church and heard the bells ringing their joyful music, and they began to think that somehow these people had some reason for their gladness, that perhaps they had a great body of soldiers hidden away, and before the bells stopped ringing the soldiers on the hillside had broken up their camp and departed.

I imagine it was a real Easter service which was held in that little village church that day. It is a good thing to ring the Easter-bells of gladness whenever we are in sorrow, for God is with us, and if God is with us He is more than all those that are against us.

LXXIII

The Children of a King

THIS is a story about a mother and a grandmother. The grandmother was a queen, the mother was a princess—not a fairy princess, but a real live princess. The grandmother's name was Queen Alexandra, and the mother's name was Princess May. The princess is now the queen, and they call her Queen Mary. Her husband's name is George, and he is the king of England. Not George III, but George V. They have six children with old-fashioned names: Edward Albert, who is the Prince of Wales; Princess Victoria Alexandra, Prince Henry William, Prince Albert Frederick, Prince George Edward, and little five-year-old Prince John Charles.

Some years ago their father and mother, who were then the Prince and Princess of Wales, started on a long trip around the world. When they left home the children were given strict rules to follow, certain things to do and certain other things not to do, and the royal nurses were commanded to

see that the rules were strictly obeyed. After they had gone their grandmother came one day to see them, and you know what grandmothers do when they go to see their grandchildren. Although she was the queen, she was still their grandmother, and she brought the children a nice big box of candy, and the children danced around her and had a good time, for they were very fond of her—and also fond of candy. So she opened the box and it looked very tempting, but all of a sudden the children put their hands behind their backs and refused to take any of the bonbons, for they remembered that their mother had said they were to eat no candy while she was gone. The queen being only a grandmother and knowing far more than any mother could ever know, coaxed and coaxed and coaxed and said she would tell their mother when she came back and that it would be all right, but not one of the children would touch a single piece, and the queen was not very well pleased, and after visiting a little while with them she left the box of candy on the nursery table and went back to her own home.

That's the way grandmothers do—they break all the rules the children's mothers make, but it can't be helped. Now, what do

you think about it? Do you think the children ate that candy? Do you think you would have eaten it? Well, those royal children left that box of candy lying on the table for days and days and weeks, and it was shown to their mother when she came home. Then they all laughed about it, but their mother was glad that her children had obeyed her. Obedience is the best thing that any child can learn. Jesus learned it when He was a little boy, for we read that in His home at Nazareth He was always obedient to His parents.

LXXIV

Dr. Barnardo

WHEN in England I visited the great Barnardo Homes, where boys and girls of the great city of London who have no mothers and fathers are given a place to sleep and something to eat and are cared for and taught, and then are sent out into our country and into Canada, where homes are found for them and they are given a chance to grow up good men and women. When I looked at the great building and the many little children who were made happy there, I thought of the strange way in which God led Dr. Barnardo to start such a great work.

He was just a young man working in one of the city missions, when he was called by God to his life's work. One night before shutting up the mission, he saw a poor little ragged urchin standing beside the stove, without hat or shoes or stockings. He said to the boy, "Boy, it is time for you to go home." But the boy never moved and never answered, and a second time Dr. Barnardo said to him, "My boy, it is time for you to

go home." Then the boy said, "I ain't got no home." Dr. Barnardo scarcely believed the boy and asked him to go to his home with him, and after he had received something to eat the boy told him his story. He said he had no father and no mother, no one to care for him, no place to sleep and no place to go. "Are there more like you?" asked Dr. Barnardo. "Yes, lots of them," said the boy. "I'll show you some of them if you will come with me." So about midnight the doctor and the boy went out into the street, and after walking down a dark back lane the boy pointed to a kind of coal bin and said, "There's lots of them in there." The doctor stooped down and lit a match, but there was not a single boy there. He thought the boy was fooling him, but the little lad, quite unafraid, said: "The cops have been after them. They are up on the roof." So the boy led the doctor up to a tin-covered roof, and there on that winter night, with the stars shining overhead, the doctor saw thirteen little boys huddled up asleep, one little fellow hugging close to his brother to keep himself warm, nothing under them but the cold tin roof and nothing over them but the starlit sky. The boy said to the doctor, "Shall I wake them up?" The doctor was about to say

"Yes," and then remembered that he had one boy and didn't know what to do with him; so what could he do with fourteen? And he answered "No." But that night out on the roof Dr. Barnardo promised God that he would give his whole life to making a home for the lost boys and girls of London.

That was his first night with the boys. Last night there slept in the homes provided for them by this Christian doctor, in clean white little beds, nearly five thousand boys and girls who were gathered off the streets of the great city. That is the story and there is no sermon.

LXXV

Follow the Leader

I SUPPOSE you all know how to play the game, "Follow the Leader." I have a story about five small boys who had an exciting time at that game. They lived out in the west, in the city of Seattle, and I saw the story in a Western newspaper. They were having a good time coming down the street pell-mell, when one of the boys, the leader, jumped over a mail box, and the next followed and the next, but I expect he didn't make it very well, for as he fell the mail box fell too and struck a stone and the lock broke, and the letters were scattered all over the ground. That was the end of "Follow the Leader" for a while. You can well believe that they were pretty badly frightened.

What do you think they did? They held a little confab there on the street corner, and decided that they would take to their heels. Then they changed their minds, and decided to write a note and explain that they did not mean to break the box, and this they did and each boy signed his name, and the letter was put in the box with the other letters and they left. They had not gone far before one of the

lads—the smallest lad of the five—said, “I think we’d better go straight to the post-office and tell just what happened, or we may get into trouble.” You see they were scared; and so after talking it over, three of them went off to tell their tale. That was another game of “Follow the Leader,” and a good one it was.

When they reached the post-office they would talk to no one but Postmaster Russell himself, and so were ushered into his private office. The postmaster opened his eyes when those three boys marched through the door on to his plush carpet, I can tell you. But he opened his eyes still wider when the smallest lad stepped up to him with his cap in hand and said: “Please, sir, we done it, and we’ll take what’s coming to us.” “Done what?” said the postmaster. Then the lad told him that, “Him and him and me and Beany and Scotty were playing ‘Follow the Leader,’” and that they had broken open the mail box at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Union, and that they had first decided to run away and then had written a letter, and then three of them had come to tell him while Beany and Scotty guarded the box with clubs.

I guess you know just how that postmaster

felt when he heard the boys' story, and how his eyes danced and what he told them. They went away far happier than when they came, as happy as kings, following the leader who called back to his chums before they were well out of the door, "I knew they wouldn't hang us."

When the broken box was brought to the office, they found the letter the boys had written before they decided to take their punishment, and this was what it said

"DEAR MISTER POSTMASTER :

"We done it, but we didn't go to.

"Yours truly,

HENRY _____

BEANY _____

SCOTTY _____

LOUIS _____

GEORGE _____"

I ~~am~~ sure that this is a good story, and that those were brave, good, honest boys who will some day be good, brave, honest men. A good story ought to have a good sermon, and here it is :

First: Be sure you follow a good leader. Jesus said: "Follow Me."

Second: Never be afraid to do what is right.

Third: Confession of wrong is the next best thing to never having done wrong.

LXXVI

Teeter-Totter

I SUPPOSE none of you ever played see-saw, or as it is sometimes called teeter-totter? I see you are smiling. Perhaps I made a mistake and forgot that boys and girls are playing at the same games now that their fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers, and great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers played in the good old days long, long ago. It is a great game, this teeter-totter, and it is a good deal like the bigger game of life which all of us are playing at in the big, big world. But I fear this is a sermon I am preaching, and I began to tell a story.

Not very long ago I heard of a little boy and a little girl who loved each other dearly, and they played together in the garden where there was a teeter board. One day the nurse heard the little boy crying as if his heart would break, and going to the garden she found the boy lying with his face in the grass, and his little companion sitting wonderingly on the teeter board. After he could find his

voice, the little fellow wailed out, "I want to go up when she goes up, and I want to go down when she goes down." Was he not a very foolish and funny little fellow? Of course, he could never do what he wanted to do. He could only go up when she went down, and down when she went up, and it didn't matter whether he cried and screamed until the end of the world; neither his nurse, nor his mother, nor the queen of all the fairies, could fix it the way he wanted it to be.

Now, there is more than one sermon in that story. We sometimes have to go down so that other people may go up. Our fathers and mothers have worked and prayed and suffered that we might be saved from many things from which they were not saved. In the Bible we read about Jonathan, the prince, the friend of David, who gave up his right to be king so that David, his friend, might wear the crown and sit on the throne. Jonathan was happy to think that by his going down his friend would go up. It is very interesting to think about, and it is so splendid to feel that it may be just like the game of teeter-totter, such real good fun, and they are only foolish people who cannot have joy in other people's happiness. Jesus carried a cross that you and I might wear a

crown, and we too will find peace, and joy, and happiness in the same way. Did you ever hear these beautiful verses that tell this same story and preach this same sermon :

“ Christ, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there ;
He watered them three times a day,
To make a garland for His hair ;

“ And when in time the roses bloomed,
He called the children in to share ;
They tore the flowers from every stem,
And left the garden stripped and bare ;

“ ‘ How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown,
Now that Thy roses are all dead ? ’
‘ You have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me,’ the Christ-child said ;

“ They plaited Him a crown of thorns,
And laid it rudely on His head ;
A garland for His forehead made,
For roses, drops of blood instead.”

LXXVII

The Dark Tunnel

YOU all know what a tunnel is. It is a road made under the ground. Sometimes it is made under a mountain, through cold, hard rock, so that people and trains can travel through it, and sometimes it is made under the water. The greatest tunnels under the mountains are, I suppose, in Italy and Switzerland, where the railroads run through dark tunnels, ten and twelve miles long. In our country, the most interesting tunnels are under the water. If you travel some time to New York City, perhaps you will go through one of these tunnels. It is under the Hudson River, and is one of the most interesting tunnels in the world. There is another one under the Saint Clair River, just at the lower end of Lake Huron, between Port Huron and Sarnia, where we travel from the United States to Canada. The other day I passed through that long, dark tunnel, and I was much interested in it. It is over a mile long, and is deep and dark and damp.

When I first went through it years ago, it was not so interesting. The doors and windows of the cars were closely fastened, and even then the smoke and the fumes from the engine came in and it was really a very dreadful and unhappy experience. It would almost send you to sleep in the daytime, and always wake you out of your sleep at night. Not very long ago a train that was passing through the tunnel broke down in it, and several people died there in the smoke and the fumes and the darkness. There is no chance of that happening again, for now all is different. Instead of a big, black, smoking engine, there is a wonderful electric motor which pulls the train through clean fresh air, with the doors and the windows of the cars all open and the lights in the tunnel burning clear and bright.

I wonder if the tunnel can preach the same sermon to you as it did to me. Life, you know, has many deep, dark tunnels. People long, long ago, and many even now, have been afraid in the darkness, and some have perished in it through lack of help and hope. But things have changed. Jesus has come and He has brought into the world a great light.

There is also another lesson I would like

you to learn from this dark tunnel. You know when you pass through it you are in another country. You leave Canada, and when you pass the tunnel you are in the United States, or you leave the United States and pass through into Canada, where you see another flag flying. This is what is called the "border," and you see a great deal of fussiness and anxiety. People are *examined* there. Officers examine and inspect them, and examine and inspect their trunks and grips, and bags and baskets, to see if they should be permitted to enter into the country. It is not a very pleasant experience, but for people who do not need to be examined it is not at all unpleasant. And really things are not much different, and if you passed through in the night perhaps you would scarcely know that you had crossed over into another country. There is the same sky, the same sun, the same air, the grass is the same colour and the trees have the same kind of leaves and the same kind of fruit, and the people speak the same language. We are often told that when we go through the dark tunnel which is called death, things will be all so different, everything will be so strange and we will be in a new world. Well, I don't know. Perhaps things will not be so differ-

ent after all. We'll have the same God and the same Saviour, and the same friends, and we will speak the same language as we do now. Those who love the Lord Jesus are travelling over the King's Highway, and are not alone, for the dear Master is with them, and where He is, there is light and joy and love and heaven.

LXXVIII

The Three Johns

HERE is a boy whose name is John. Here is another boy whose name is Thomas. When they talk together, there are six persons talking. At least so a great man once said who wrote a great book, which I hope you will some day read. The great man's name was Oliver Wendell Holmes, and he said a great many wise things. But, you say, if he said that when John and Thomas talked together there were six persons talking, then he surely said some things that were not wise, but very, very foolish. Well, let us see. He said that in John there were three Johns, and that in Thomas there were three Thomases, and I think what he said was quite true, and that it was true not only of the John and the Thomas of whom he was speaking, but it is true of all the boys and all the girls in all the world, no matter what their names may be. First, to speak only of John, there is John No. 1. He is the John he thinks himself to be. You know almost every one has a good opinion of himself, and John No. 1 is a most

capable, first-class fellow. John No. 1 says, "I am not as other boys are." That is to say, "I am better." John No. 2 is the John that other people know. He is a different John. If he heard people talking about him, he would not know himself. He would think they were talking about Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Jews, or some one else equally unknown to him. Judas, for instance, thought himself a smart man, but Peter knew that Judas was a thief. Peter thought he was a brave man, but John knew that Peter was a coward. So you see there really are at least two Johns. But there are more than two Johns. There are three Johns, and John No. 3 is the real John, the John that God knows. John may be mistaken about himself, and John's friends may be mistaken about him, but God knows John through and through.

But that is not all of the story. When John heard the wise man say these things he laughed all to himself, and when in a little while the peaches were passed around—for all this happened at the breakfast table—there were only three and so John took all three. One for John No. 1, one for John No. 2, and one for John No. 3. You see he believed what the wise man said.

God wants us so to live that John No. 1

will be like John No. 2, and that both John No. 1 and John No. 2 may be like John No. 3. Jesus came to make all these three one. He can help us to think about ourselves wisely and truly, and not to think of ourselves better or worse than we ought to think. He will help us to live so that other people will not be mistaken about us and think of us wrongly. Then, too, He will show us just what God thinks about us, and that will help us to know ourselves and see ourselves as we ought. God always sees us at our best, and our real self—the self God knows about and sees and loves—will then become as it were the only real John and will master and control the other Johns.

LXXIX

Sewing Without Thread

I SUPPOSE I ought to say right now that this story is not for boys. It is for girls. The sermon that follows the story may be for both boys and girls, but the story itself is for girls only and so the boys do not need to listen. It is for girls who like to sew, and for little girls who like to sew on their mother's sewing-machine. I heard the other day of just such a little girl, who whenever she got the chance, tried to make her mother's machine "go." One day she said, "I like to sew on the machine when there is no thread in it, for then it goes so much easier." Now both girls and boys and men and women like to do just that same thing. They like to do easy things. They like to make the wheels go round without driving anything, or without making anything. To sew without thread is only play, and a sewing-machine is to work with, not to play with. Every time a boy wants to go to school but does not want to study, he wants to sew without thread. Every time a boy goes to Sunday-school, and wants to busy

himself with toys and trinkets and things and does not want to learn the lesson his teacher is trying to teach him, he wants to sew without thread. Every time a girl wants to be pretty in her dress and her hair and her clothes, but does not want to be pretty in her thoughts and her feelings and her conduct, she wants to sew without thread. Every time a girl wants to please other people rather than please her father and her mother and her brothers and sisters, she wants to sew without thread.

And men and women, too, are just as foolish as the little lady who liked to sew without thread, when they think they can give their children everything money can buy, books and music, and pleasures and horses and automobiles, and neglect to give them the friendship of Jesus and the secret of a happy Christian life.

LXXX

The Boy Who Promised

THE other day I was visiting a business man in his office, and he told me a story about his father. We were talking about boys and girls, and their interest in the story-sermons at the regular church services. He said that his father when a boy lived with his uncle, who was one of those good men who was so good that he made other people want to be bad. He was one of those hard, just men who was all justice with little mercy, and all duty with little delight, and all goodness with little gladness. So when the boy, who lived with him, grew to be a young man and was ready to take care of himself, and didn't need to obey his uncle any more—he said to him one day, “Well, uncle, I'm my own boss now, and there are three things I am going to do all the rest of my life :

“First : Every day in winter I am going skating.

“Second : Every day in summer I am going swimming.

"Third: I am never going to church again."

Of course these three things, and especially the last, nearly took his uncle's breath away. But he said nothing. That boy is a man now, and the strange thing about the story is that he never did one of the three things he planned to do.

He didn't go skating every day in winter, because every one knows he couldn't do that, for there are some winter days when there is no skating.

He never went swimming every summer day, because every one knows he couldn't do that, for there are some summer days when the water is as cold as Greenland.

He never stayed away from church every Sunday, because every one knows he couldn't do that, for he had been trained to go when he was a boy, and he couldn't break with his early habit.

Not only did he go to church, but when he grew to be a man he took his children to church, and one of them became a minister of the Gospel, and is in heaven now, and another one is sitting here in the church this morning and is wondering perhaps if I am going to tell you his name. But I'll not tell. There is something else, however, I will tell.

I would like to tell all boys and girls not to make rash promises that they cannot and should not keep. Then I would like to tell all boys and girls that the habits which are formed when they are boys and girls will stay with them when they are men and women. Habits are formed in our lives like tracks are made in the snow. This brain of ours when we are young is just like pure, white, feathery snow. The first time we say or do something there is a little track made. The second time we do it, there is a clearer track made. When we repeat it ten, or twenty, or a hundred times, it is beaten hard and firm, and that's the way it stays. Good habits, and bad habits, all make beaten tracks that stay through life.

Sow a thought,
And you reap an act ;
Sow an act,
And you reap a habit ;
Sow a habit,
And you reap a character ;
Sow a character,
And you reap a destiny.

LXXXI

The Boy Scout

WHEN in Canada last summer I met a little friend who was dressed something like a soldier. He was only about eleven years old, and I said to him, "Why, Willie, how does it come that you are a soldier?" "I'm not a soldier," he said with manly pride. "I'm a scout." And sure enough, that's just what he was, with his soldier-like suit and his straight staff. He belonged to the great company of boy scouts—not war scouts, but peace scouts—which is being organized all over the world. Of course you know what a scout is.

A scout is taught to be manly, to serve his country, to love God and to do a good turn every day. To make him remember to do the good turn, he wears a knot in his necktie. If you see a boy with a knot in his necktie, do not think he is careless, for it may be he's a scout and wants to remember his vow to be kind. A scout is taught to know weather signs, to find his way at night by the stars, to track men and animals, to hide himself, to

signal across water and from hilltops, to tie knots in ropes, to make tents and fires and camp beds, to sleep in the open air, to read character from people's shoes and hats and faces, to know the ways and calls of the birds and the wild game, to distinguish leaves and flowers and fruits. He is taught to exercise and take care of himself, to rescue others from drowning or from fire, to care for the wounded and the sick, to be kind to women and little children and old people, to do a kind act every day and take no reward.

The motto of all the scouts is, "Be Prepared." It is a good motto. Be ready to take care of yourselves, to help others, to serve your country, to do God's will. If you are going to do the world's work, you must have steady nerves and strong muscles. If you are going to take your part in the battle for peace and purity, you must have educated brains and trained minds. If you are going to help God make the world better, you must fit yourself for service and be ready when He calls. Jesus was thirty years getting ready to do three years' work.

You have heard perhaps of the boy who dreamed such a strange dream. He dreamed that the rich man, the only rich man in his little town, came to him and said he was tired

of his fine houses and horses, and he wanted the little lad to take his place. Then the old doctor came to him and said he was tired going up and down the streets caring for the sick, and he wanted him to be ready to become the town physician. Then the judge came to him and said he was tired trying cases and going to court, and he wanted some one to take his place on the bench.

Then the town drunkard came, the old man who was the shame of the village, and said to him that he could not live much longer, and he wanted him to take his place in the saloons and on the streets. What a dream that was ! And yet it could easily be a true dream. The places which doctors and lawyers and ministers and business men hold to-day will some time be filled by others—by the boys of to-day. See to it that you do not waste your play-days, but get a strong body while you are a boy. Don't waste your school-days, but get a strong mind before it is too late. Don't waste your church and Sunday-school days, but get ready a strong heart and conscience and character so that you will be ready when God calls you. God will surely call you. Do not be afraid of that. Only be sure you are ready when He does call. "Be Prepared."

LXXXII

The Sunday Engine

I WONDER which day of the week you like best. You know there are seven days in every week : Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. I wonder which one of the seven is your best day. For most boys and girls the week is divided into three parts—Saturday, of course, is a day when boys and girls catch up with their play and their important work ; Sunday stands all alone by itself in a sort of glass case for them to look at, for many boys and girls scarcely know what to do with it. All the other days, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday are school-days, and can be tied up in a bundle and sold at a bargain. I am quite curious to know which day you like the best. Could you guess which day I would like you to call your best day? Well, I'll tell you, for I think you could not guess. I wish that every day was your best day. You thought I would say Sunday, didn't you? Well, perhaps that's what I mean, for if

Sunday is the best day then every day will be a best day too, and that is what I would wish for every boy and girl. People who make Sunday a day for picnics and holidays and pleasure parties really have no best days at all.

I heard the other day about a little girl nearly six years old who thinks Sunday is the very best day in the week. That is the day, you know, when she wears her best dress and her best everything, and she can go to Sunday-school like a little lady, and her father is home all day and in the afternoon tells her stories and becomes her own dear chum. Her name is Wilhelmina. Don't you think that is a pretty big name for such a little girl? One Sunday Wilhelmina had had such a good time, and when night came and her mother had kissed her good-night, she said: "Mamma, isn't it funny how the days go by, one after the other, just like a train of cars, with Sunday for the engine?"

Why, of course. Why didn't some of us grown-ups think of that before? Sunday is the engine, and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday are the cars, and all together they make up the vestibule train. Be sure you take good care of the engine and see that the brass is kept polished and the fire burning.

A good engine makes a good train, and a good Sunday makes a good week. I want you to remember a little verse which I learned when I was a boy. My father taught it to me :

“ A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And joy for the cares of to-morrow ;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever be gained,
Is the sure forerunner of sorrow.”


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